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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Diary of a Tour through Southern India, Egypt, and Palestine, in the years 1821-1822. By a Field Officer of Cavalry. 8vo. pp. 366. London 1823. Hatchard & Son.

For the serious, the moral, the religious, we hope it is not necessary for the *Lit. Gaz.* to profess its respect. We trust it is, and felt to be, liberal enough to do justice to principle of every kind, and even to excuse conscientious error, honest prejudice, and unintentional mistake. Therefore that we do not captiously express our disapprobation of a volume in the style of this Diary will readily be acknowledged; and, on the contrary, that our censure is reluctant will be fully believed. We give the author every credit for sincerity; but we really cannot reconcile our sense to the puritanical tone in which it has pleased him to write travels. It is out of place; and the familiar juxtaposition of prayers (making most free with the names of the Almighty and of the Saviour of the world) with odd incidents and descriptions has as bad an effect as vicious and ill-meant profanity. Who can read as they ought when God's holy name is invoked, a sentence which tells in one member that the author lay "on a bed of fleas" at Tabaria, and in the next that he "thanks his God" for approaching the term of his journey. This is more like a Field Preacher than a Field Officer; and is as revolting to genuine piety as to good taste. To sustain this opinion we will make a few extracts from the latter part of the volume, where the author is relating his sensations in Palestine. At Ramah the account of sacred things is made quite ludicrous:

"After a long privation of the blessings of real Christian communion and conversation, I have to thank my God for the valued privilege of meeting here a Christian friend, whose history and character demand a more than common interest. Born a Jew, and brought up in the religion of his fathers, it has pleased the Almighty to single him out as a monument of mercy from the thousands of his perishing nation. He has embraced from the heart the truths of Christianity, and is now a zealous Ambassador from Heaven to beseech mankind that they would be reconciled to their offended God. His name is the Rev. Joseph Wolf. He is going to Jerusalem, and I am coming from it: he arrived by sea, and I by land; and we have met together, without any previous concert or knowledge of each other, on the same day, in the same city, and at the house of Simon the Tanner! And how truly precious a day I have passed in his society! We remained together during the whole of it, and slept in the same room at night. So many uninterrupted hours of conversation fully developed before me a character, which is in itself thoroughly open and undisguised. I found him a child in the world, but a giant in the cause of his God. He is going as a sheep among wolves:"

So much would be enough for this (Joseph) Wolf; but what follows absolutely shocks us,

though we do think it is not intended profanely:

"There is something in his mere pronunciation of the name of his Saviour; something which bespeaks a mind more tenderly alive to the value of the sacrifice made for him; something which denotes a more peculiar personal appropriation of the Messiah to him, as being a Jew, than ordinary Christians appear to feel. He never utters the name of Jesus without seeming to imply, in voice and manner, that his heart whispers at the same time, from its inmost core, 'Jesus is mine.'"

The painful effect of such cant (for it is so when mixed up with ordinary concerns) may be farther felt in the two or three subjoined paragraphs taken almost at hazard:

"I hope, if it please God, to set out myself to-morrow on my painful journey across the Great Desert of Egypt. I shall be entirely alone with the wild Arabs; except one Greek servant, on whose courage and prudence I do not place much reliance: but what can I fear, while safe under the 'shadow of the wings of the Most High!' Signor Domiani, my host, undertaken to procure camels for me, as well as some other trifling necessities which the journey requires; and he has been all along attentive and civil."

"From all I have seen of these countries, and from every observation I could make of the actual weakness of the Turkish character, I should be inclined to think, that if no European power intermeddled, ten thousand British troops would suffice to conquer Egypt; and four thousand more, with the indubitable assistance of the native inhabitants, would as easily take possession of all Syria, including Damascus and Aleppo. By what possible right we should attempt such a conquest, is a question not to be so readily answered, however desirable to the people themselves its probable consequences may appear. And perhaps our God may hereafter see fit to point out some other way, more apparently and openly illustrative of His Almighty Power, for the extension of the Gospel throughout these once favoured regions. All things are alike easy to Him. As one, however, brought up from his youth to the profession of arms, it will not be unbecoming in me to point out, in a loose sketch, such a general plan of operations for the conquest of Egypt and Syria."

"I mounted with no small labour to the summit of the highest of them, called Cheops; and, with the genuine pride of an amateur, carved my humble name on one of its rude and massy stones; but I fear it cannot be said of me, as Horace ventured to say of himself, '*exegi monumentum ære perennius.*' This is of little consequence; all my wish, all my hope is, that my name may remain, when not only this pyramid, but the whole world itself, shall melt 'with fervent heat;' that it may be written in the book of life, with a pen dipped in the precious blood of my Redeemer."

We will not insist on the ridiculous point of view in which such writing places what is

holy; but content ourselves with repeating, that in our minds it produces sensations which we can only designate by the epithet shocking. But having frankly expressed this sentiment, we shall endeavour to make such use of the volume as may convey to our readers a knowledge of its general character and most interesting intelligence.

The author, to observe the condition of the Christian Missions in the South of India, travelled (as the first portion of the vol. relates) from Madras to Cape Comorin, by Traquebar, Trichinopoly, Madura, &c. and returned by the western coast, visiting Cochin, Cananore, Mercare, Seringapatam, Velore, &c.; and "during this happy journey (he says) wherever I have come among Christians, it seemed to me as if I had been in the midst of my own dear relatives; and, in truth, those who love the Lord are dearer to me than the kindred of blood alone. May He reward, who only can adequately do it, those who have shewn me so much disinterested kindness."

Of Tanjore the following is told:

"The whole country, from the gates of the capital to within a few miles of Trichinopoly, is an almost uninterrupted desert waste, with only one village during this great extent of road—that of Seringapatth, celebrated for the dexterity of its thieves. Colonel Blackburne related to me an amusing anecdote of their prowess. Some years ago, a detachment of the King's artillery, intending to halt there for the night, was advised of this propensity of the natives, and recommended to be well on their guard against it. The two officers in charge of the detachment, as well as the men, ridiculed and scorned the idea of these poor wretches (such they seemed to be) being able to rob the King's artillery, but took the precaution of placing sentries over all the tents, and a double one at that of the quarter guard, with orders, rendered unnecessary by the awakened pride of the sentries themselves, to be more than usually watchful. The inhabitants, through the means of the native servants, heard that their skill in thieving was set at naught, and their vanity was proportionably piqued. Next morning, the officers rising early, missed nothing, and began to exult in their security, when one of the sergeants arrived, with shame and dismay pictured on his countenance, and informed them that the whole of the arm belonging to the main guard were missing, and that all the natives had abandoned the village. Every search, though undertaken instantly, was in vain, and the detachment was compelled to march away unarmed, and fully aware of the reception they would be likely to meet with from their corps when their disaster became known. The manner in which this dexterous theft was achieved, long remained unknown; but many years afterwards, when the circumstance was almost forgotten, the villagers themselves voluntarily surrendered the arms to the authorities of the country, and declared they had taken them merely because their skill in thieving had been called in

question; and observed, in confirmation of this, that they had not taken a single article, with the exception of the arms, which they now restored. Being asked how they had contrived to steal them from the centre of a tent, the guard sleeping around them, and two sentries outside, they gave the following account: Several of them stripped themselves naked, and oiled their bodies over, that, if caught, they might not be easily held; they then approached that part of the tent where the sentry in the rear was posted, who, as usual, was walking about twenty paces backwards and forwards. The night was dark, and the most bold and dexterous among them advanced obliquely towards the tent, creeping on his belly, lying still while the sentry was pacing towards him, and only moving on, slowly and cautiously, when his back was turned. In this way he arrived at the tent, and his black body was, in the dark, invisible to the sentry. He now, with the utmost adroitness, lifted up a part of the side of the tent, having carefully removed one peg, and soon found that all the guard was asleep, relying on their double sentries. By this time the other villagers had followed their leader, and were all lying in the same posture, with the head of each touching the feet of the one who had preceded him. In this way, the arms being slowly removed, without the slightest noise, by the most advanced thief, were, with equal caution, passed along from one to another, until the whole were secured, and the thieves retired as they came, unseen and unsuspected."

Of the sect of Syrian Christians, living at no distant bounds from these dexterous Mahometan or Hindu thieves, there are some curious particulars:

"We remained here to-day, in order to keep the Sabbath, and do not intend setting out till after dark. When the Syrian Divine Service of the day was over, in which, for the first time, the prayers, as well as the portions of Scripture, were read in the Malayalam tongue, Mr. Bailey went through a part of the English Liturgy in the same language; and then preached a short sermon to them, on the 9th verse of the 4th chapter of the First Epistle of St. John. During the sermon, contrary to their usual custom, they were all attention, and crowded one upon another, in order to get nearer to the preacher. The Catanars appeared particularly struck, as much with the novelty as with the interest of the scene; for this was the first sermon they had ever heard, it not being the custom among them to preach. But Mr. Bailey has exhorted them to commence; and I trust, in time, they will: as yet, most of them are too ignorant themselves of the Scriptures to do so. Soon after the sermon was ended, one of the Catanars called the attention of the people to a letter from the Metropolitan, forbidding a certain individual, who had been guilty of some offence, the entrance of any Church for the present. It is, in fact, a temporary excommunication; but I am unacquainted with the merits of the case. In the afternoon three Syrian couples were married, and we attended the ceremony. There was a good deal of mummery. Each of the parties placed a ring and a crucifix on the table, which having been consecrated, the principal Catanar proceeded to place the right hands of the young brides in the right hands of the bridegrooms, and also put a ring on the finger of each. After a short prayer, he threw a gold necklace, with a large gold crucifix, over the

bridegroom's neck, and taking the bride's ring, he fastened it to a small gold chain, put it round her neck, and gave the ends of the chain into the hands of the bridegroom; he then threw the marriage veil over her head; and, after a few short prayers, the brides and bridegrooms brought offerings of money, for the Church and the Priests, and so the ceremony concluded. I know not whether placing the chain round the neck of the bride, and the ends of it in the hands of the intended, is understood to have any significant allusion; but certainly the conduct of the parties after marriage, so unlike what is the case in England, would lead one to conclude it. Here the wife is, I fear, little better than a slave; in England, that is as it happens."—(We shall not attempt to explain this hit.)

"On arriving at the landing place (for all our visits to the Syrians are still made by water) we found he meant to give us a sort of public reception. We were welcomed by a crowd of Syrians, with two or three most ancient matchlocks among them, which they fired on our landing; and a small troop of boys, armed with swords and shields, preceded us with a measured step, guided by a tune, which one sang and the others repeated in chorus, while their instructor in this Pyrrhic dance animated and encouraged them with conscious satisfaction. On arriving at a favourable spot of ground, we halted for a few minutes, while two of the boys, together with their master, performed some feats of activity, which were no ways remarkable. The dance was then resumed, and continued till we reached the Church; on which half-a-dozen iron pots, filled with gun-powder, were discharged, and made about as much noise as those in St. James's Park. I have mentioned these trifles mainly to give some faint idea of the customs of the natives; and though we may esteem them somewhat ridiculous in themselves, and inconsistent with the grave reception due to a Christian Minister, still we were gratified by the intention, and could not but be pleased with the evident and invariable good-will of this interesting people."

The natives of the Nilgherree mountains (a population of about 5000) are also curiously described.

"The country is, in a military sense, inaccessible; which will account for its having so long remained unknown, even to its immediate neighbours; and the trouble of getting to it, even individually, is so great, the ascent so laborious, that I much question whether a native great man has been known to attempt it. This will explain also why neither Brahmans nor pagodas are to be found among them. The inhabitants are a quiet inoffensive race, though their appearance is wild and savage. They have long shaggy black hair, and are clothed (it is their only covering) with a large piece of thick coarse cloth, which is never washed; nor is there indeed in the whole region of Nilgherree, a single person who follows the business of washing. They are exceedingly humble in their deportment; and their attitude on meeting a European, is painfully submissive, for it too much resembles the prostration of divine worship. I observed, that when an inferior meets a superior, among themselves, he drops on one knee, takes his hand, and kisses it; but, in what regards the worship of a Supreme Being, I did not see a single place set apart for it; though, on inquiry, I was told they have certain large stones among the mountains, and

some trees, which they esteem as sacred; but they have no priests or form of worship, nor is there a single idol among them. Perhaps a more promising scene for Missionary labours, on a soil hitherto wild and totally neglected, could hardly be found in any part of the globe."!!!

At Mysoor the scene was changed, and our author rode in the Rajah's extraordinary coach—thus described:

"In the morning we took an airing in the Rajah's elephant carriage, which is by far the most magnificent conveyance I ever saw; the Genius of Aladdin could scarcely have done more. Its interior is a double sofa for six persons, covered with dark green velvet and gold, surmounted by an awning of cloth of gold, in the shape of two small scalloped domes, meeting over the centre, and surrounded by a richly ornamented varandah, supported by light, elegant, fluted, gilt pillars; the whole is capable of containing sixty persons, and is about twenty-two feet in height. It moves on four wheels; the hinder ones eight feet in diameter, with a breadth of twelve feet between them. It is drawn by six immense elephants (with a driver on each), harnessed to the carriage by traces, as in England, and their huge heads covered with a sort of cap, made of richly embroidered cloth. The pace at which they moved, was that of a slow trot, of about seven miles an hour: they were very steady, and the springs of the carriage particularly easy. As it is crane-necked, the elephants turned round with it on coming back with the greatest facility. The shape of the body is extremely elegant, resembling a flat scollop shell, and painted dark green and gold. The elephants are an exact match, but, as stated, of an enormous size. The whole was constructed by native workmen, assisted by one half-caste Frenchman, under the immediate directions of the Rajah."

Thus much for the present; the volume being, in spite of its tone, too fertile of amusement to enable us to acquit ourselves of its notice in one Number.

A Critical Inquiry into Ancient Armour, as it existed in Europe, but particularly in England, from the Norman Conquest to the Reign of King Charles II. &c. &c. By Samuel Rush Meyrick, LL.D. & F.S.A. 4 vols. Royal Imperial 4to. London 1823. R. Jennings.

In no branch of antiquarian lore have so many anomalies and anachronisms prevailed as in the history of ancient armour;—dates confounded, pieces of various ages thrown together into one, as a Rameilles wig would accord with a surtout of the present year, or rose shoe-ties with Wellington pantaloons; and such a jumble of patchwork and misplicing produced as mingled the thews and limbs of our ancestors under as many different armorial coverings as they stand under signs of the Zodiac in Moore's Almanac,—a Roman helm perhaps with a Norman long sword, a Tudor hauberk and Chausses of the Stuart era.

We have frequently taken occasion to notice the absurdities of costume which had become inseparably connected with the use of armour in all exhibitions or representations where it was introduced, and even pointed out the impossibility of comprehending the anecdotes of battle and warlike amusements with which all our old histories are filled, without a clearer knowledge of this subject than had hitherto been furnished by any antiquarian writer. Dr. Meyrick has now supplied

the deficiency suitably for the most issued of his researches success. The is himself ancient the account. I were it strange with all our arms and any other apparent "iron r discrimination the wear other ga casing to the K was of effects fact, m may be with an disciplin Asia, Norman as they again, or knight victory on all t consider and into historic Befo Dr. Me ance, w only of graving is due. in onli 70 col of king rieties under rous ill introdu chapte of accu litary v value c at hist volum admir illustr author of ple His ab has be disting subject sound valu attrac histori thors, genera planat engag text, readi sough Beg

the deficiency in an admirable manner, and a suitably splendid style. His work is one of the most magnificent of its class which has issued from the press for several years; and his researches appear to us to have been pursued with uncommon industry, zeal, and success.

The Inquiry is dedicated to the King, who is himself the owner of a noble collection of ancient armour, though we are not aware of the accuracy of its chronological arrangement. It is however beautiful to behold, even were it (which we do not believe it is) as strangely classed as that heterogeneous mass which may be seen in the Tower, perplexing all our ideas, and assigning by chance the arms and defences of any age and nation to any other period or people. Fashion is as apparent in armour as in clothes; and the "iron races in iron clad" merit far more the discriminating labours of the antiquarian than the wearers of stuffs or ruffs or feathers or other garb, inasmuch as no other invention for casing the human form, from the Painted Piet to the Finished Exquisite of our own days, was of similar importance or produced such effects in national and individual affairs. In fact, most of the great events of the world may be traced to circumstances connected with armour and its concomitant military discipline and power. The Greeks conquered Asia, the Romans overthrew Europe, the Normans vanquished the Gauls and Saxons, as they were superior in this respect; or again, the chivalry and force of one warrior or knight changed the fate of battle, and gave victory to the best armed combatants throughout all the annals of three thousand years. Thus considered, the subject is not merely curious and interesting, but of the utmost importance, historically and philosophically.

Before we proceed farther in our review of Dr. Meyrick's book as a literary performance, we ought to mention the execution, not only of the typographical part, but of the engravings, to both of which the highest praise is due. The engravings are 80 in number, 10 in outline representing arms and armour, and 70 coloured, being very brilliant delineations of kings, knights, soldiers, &c. in all the varieties of military costume, used in the period under consideration. There are also numerous illuminated capital letters, appropriately introduced at the commencement of the chapters. Though this chronological series of accurate and authentic delineations of military costume would of itself be of infinite value to artists of every description who aim at historical correctness, the interest of these volumes is exceedingly enhanced by the admirable treatise to which the plates are illustrations. The enthusiasm with which the author speaks of his favourite study, is a kind of pledge to the reader that he will exert all his abilities to do it justice; and the result has been the production of a work equally distinguished for profound knowledge of the subject, patient and laborious research, and sound judgment. Nor is the work, though valuable for its investigations, dry and unattractive; it is interspersed with numerous historical anecdotes and quotations from authors, many of them but little known to the general reader; so that, if desiring an explanation of some one of the plates that has engaged his attention he should refer to the text, he will often be induced to continue reading far beyond the intelligence which he sought.

Beginning with the sling, the earliest and

simplest weapon of antiquity, and the undressed skins of animals, the first defences employed by man to protect his head and body, Dr. M. pursues his inquiry through all the uncounted and splendid varieties of armour which engaged the ingenuity and the arts of generations to the latest date, when lances and cuirasses were clashed at Waterloo. It is delightful and instructing to thread all the traditional mazes which bring down ancient usages in customs, and even in language, to the habits and epithets of the present time. Thus, in the crape round our soldier's arm in mourning, we recognise the Kerchief of Plesance presented by his sovereign lady to her chosen knight, which bound him to her service, and which he must not lose but with life.

On the other hand (as Dr. M. says) the skull-cap, and shield of the Turks and Saracens, in the first Crusade (1146) an expedition which diverted the eldest son of the Conqueror from asserting his right to the throne of England, are precisely those of the military among the Georgian and Circassian tribes at this day. Nor will the etymologist despise our aid when we establish the origin of Quarrels, of all descriptions, in the shape, the four-sided head, of the ancient Arrow; of all Esquires (so very comprehensive and equivocal a dignity of modern times) in the *Escuyer* or shield-bearer of the knights of the 12th and 13th centuries; when we exhibit our Dragoons as 'being in all languages called so, because a musketeer on horseback, with his burning match, riding a gallop, as many times he doth, may something resemble that beast which naturalists call a fiery dragon;' (thus going far, by the way, also, to establish the real shape of that animal) and can trace 'the lean and slipper'd Pantaloon' of our great dramatic bard to the old Venetian war-cry, 'Plant the lion.'

But Dr. Meyrick's peculiar object has been to ascertain and settle the chronology of costume with respect to ancient arms and armour; so that we may no longer witness Paris in the accoutrements of Cæsar, (as in a picture by the late President West); and all the warriors painted since the time of Charles I., no matter to what age they belonged, represented in the military costume of that era—in England generally from armour in the Tower, where there is not a suit older than Henry 7. To amend these things, we are told—"The present volumes have been compiled—with a view, in some measure, of supplying the general deficiency of information on the subject—to throw a glimpse of light over the rugged paths of the historian, to furnish dates to the antiquary, and to give the vividness of truth to the efforts of painting, sculpture, and the drama."

"The materials for the undertaking have been copied (accurate as far as possible to obtain them) of ancient seals, illuminations, painted glass, and monuments, which, when chronologically arranged, have been compared with extracts from historians and poets, from wills, inventories of armour, and royal ordinances."

Armour had its origin in Asia, and all European armour, except the Plate, introduced at the close of the fourteenth century, was borrowed from the Asiatics. The author, in an elaborate introduction, condenses an amazing mass of information relative to the ancient nations which figure on the page of

* No publications exist on this subject, except Grose's Treatise, and Pere Daniel's *Milice Française*.

the earliest histories; but this portion of his work does not admit of complete exemplification, and we must content ourselves with a few illustrative extracts, which we shall select from the descriptions most interesting to our own country—

"From an old chronicle of Norway, quoted by Pontoppidan, we learn that the warriors were previously practised in such exercises as might contribute to their success in war. Thus Olaf Trygvason, a king of that country, is said to have been stronger and more nimble than any man in his dominions. He could climb up the rock of Smalsørhorn, and fix his shield upon its top: he could walk round the outside of a boat upon the oars while the men were rowing; he could play with three darts, alternately throwing them in the air, and always kept two of them up while he held the third in one of his hands: he was ambidexter, and could cast two darts at once; he excelled all men of his time in shooting with the bow, and he had no equal in the certainty of his aim."

"The inhabitants of Britain and Ireland, previous to their intercourse with the Phœnicians, had merely bows, with arrows of reed headed with flint or pointed with bones, sharpened to an acute edge. The arrows were carried in a quiver formed of oxier twigs; and besides these weapons they had spears and javelins made of long bones, ground to a point, inserted in open shafts, and held in them by pegs; a battle-axe, called *Bwyell-arv*, of flint; and a club of four points or four edges, denominated *Cat*, and made of oak."

"No sooner did the Phœnicians effect an amicable interchange with these islanders, than they communicated to them the art of manufacturing their warlike implements of metal. The composition was copper and tin, the proportions of which were varied according to the object that was intended. At first they exactly imitated the weapons of bone, and spear and javeline heads, as well as those for battle-axes, were made to be inserted in their respective handles. The javeline, called *gwaew-fon*, or *fonwag*, had its blade generally about a foot in length, which was nailed in a slit made in the ashen shaft: the flat-bladed one, introduced by the Phœnicians, was called *paled*. After a time, in imitation of the weapons of this maritime nation, the British spear had its shaft fitted into the blade, and the battle-axe was formed in the same manner. Instead of the shield merely of wicker, it was made of this compound metal, but retained its circular form, being flat, rather more than two feet in diameter, with a flattened conical boss in the middle: it was ornamented with concentric circles and intermediate knobs, and was held by the hand in the centre. The Britons as well as the Gauls and other Cimbri used dogs in battle. The spatha, or two-handed sword, were used by the Britons and Irish as well as the Gauls, and called *cheddyr-hir deuddwrn* by the former, and *dofaimghen* by the latter, but I am not aware of any having been discovered. Both straight and curved swords formed part of the Irish weapons, and straight ones, less than two feet in length, were used by the Britons: these have been found in great quantities in Ireland, and frequently in England, but always of bronze. There was also a broad-edged lance, called by the Irish *lagaan*, and by the Britons *Havnawr*. The sword was suspended by a chain, and though we are told, by Herodian and Xiphilin, that

the Britons did not wear helmets, yet the ancient British coins represent the warrior mounted, and with a skull-cap, from which fall the prolix appendages noticed by Diodorus, in his account of the Gauls. The hilts of the British swords seem to have been of horn, from the adage, 'He that has got the horn has got the blade.' The Caledonians had a ball filled with pieces of metal at the end of their lances, in order to make a noise when engaged with cavalry, which was called *cnopstara*; and the general ornament of the warriors of the British isles was the torque of gold, silver, or iron. There is also reason to suppose the Britons used wooden slings.

"All the British and Irish youths were trained to the use of arms from their infancy, and their very diversions were of a martial cast."

Having got through the introduction, our author enters upon his prescribed field, and we are transported to the year 1066, the epoch of the Norman Conquest, over the costume of which the famous Bayeux tapestry spreads a glare of light.

To illustrate the succeeding times, we add some miscellaneous extracts from Vol. I.

"It was the custom at this period (the reign of William I.) when a town or castle surrendered, for the principal person to bring and present to the Conqueror the keys on the point of a spear; and Hollingshed says, that when Malcolm, King of Scotland, besieged the castle of Alnwick, and had reduced the garrison to the last necessity, a young knight, willing to undertake some hardy enterprise in its defence, took a swift horse, and without armour or weapon, except a spear in his hand, on the point of which he bore the keys of the castle, rode into the camp of the enemy, who supposing he came to surrender them, received him with joy, and unsuspectingly led him to the king. The knight then couched his spear, as if he intended with reverence to present him the keys; but watching his opportunity, he urged on his horse, and ran the point into the eye of the king, killing him on the spot. That done, he clapped spurs to his horse, and by his swift flight saved his own life."—(*History of Scotland*, p. 258. He was hence called *Pierce-eye*, or *Percy*.)

This has been stated to be the origin of the name of the Northumberland family.

From pages 39 to 48, we have an account of some very curious representations of armour in the reign of King Stephen, for which we are indebted to the Abbot Suger, prime minister to Louis VII. king of France. They existed in his circular pieces of painted glass, in a window behind the higher altar of the Abbey of St. Denis, near Paris, in that part called *Le Chevel*. These ten pieces of glass represent the second, or rather (as it should be called) the first crusade, in which Robert, the eldest son of the Conqueror, and Stephen, afterwards king of England, took a conspicuous part. They are curious, as exhibiting not only the armour of Europe, but that of the Turks and Saracens.

"As society advanced, knighthood became so capricious, that statutes were obliged to be made to compel the holder of adequate portions of land to assume the dignity, which, when offered by a sovereign as an honour, was sometimes refused. Knighthood, however, being independent of and additional to nobility, it was still emulously sought for by that class, and the consequence was that it embraced persons very unequal in wealth.

The richer knights distinguished themselves by luxuries, and to the poorer this was a subject of complaint. John of Salisbury, who lived in this reign, (Henry II.) has left us a copious declamation against their increasing luxury and effeminacy."

It may be well supposed that the reign of the chivalrous Richard I. affords ample matter to our author. The siege of Acre is memorable for introducing several things worthy of notice; as the Greek fire, and the account of various military machines. From the account given by the Lord de Joinville, the Greek fire must have resembled the Congreve rockets. The noise which it made was like to thunder, and it seemed a terrible dragon of fire flying through the air, and giving so great a light with its flame, that we saw in our camp as clearly as in broad day. Dr. Meyrick speaks of the composition of this powerful agent of destruction, but refers for a more particular detail to the reign of Edward III.

"When Philip Augustus was in the Holy Land, he found it necessary to secure himself against the emissaries of a sheik called the Old Man of the Mountain, who bound themselves to assassinate whomsoever he assigned. He therefore instituted a guard of sergeants à maces, who night and day were to be about his person to protect him.

"These sergeants à maces were afterwards called sergeants at arms; for Jean Bouteiller, who lived in the reign of Charles VI. (that is, at the conclusion of the 14th century,) says, 'The sergeants d'armes are the mace-bearers that the king has to perform his duty, and to carry maces before the king: these are called sergeants at arms, because they are the sergeants for the king's body.'

"Richard I. soon imitated the French king, but seems to have given to his corps of sergeants at arms a more extensive power. They were not only to watch round the king's tent in complete armour, with a mace, a sword, a bow and arrow, but were occasionally to arrest traitors and other offenders about the court, for which the mace was deemed a sufficient authority: their number was originally twenty-four. All persons of approved worth, not under the degree of the son of a knight, were eligible; though afterward sons of gentlemen were admitted. They held their places for life.

"We may contemplate in this corps (says Dr. M.) the first attempt at establishing a standing army; and it was probably on this account that in both countries there were views of ultimate policy in their continuance, beyond the pretext for their origin."

It was Richard I. who first introduced the hereditary motto of our king, "*Dien et mon Droit*."

The long reign of Henry III., and those of Edwards I. II. and III., witnessed various changes and improvements in different parts of the armour and arms, which are carefully traced and described from ancient monuments, MSS. &c. In the reign of Henry III. we have a particular account of the duel, not in the modern acceptation, but trial by battle. This legal duel appears to have been of Danish origin.

The Florentine annals consider the year 1315 as remarkable for a new regulation in armour, by which every horseman who went to battle was to have his helmet, breastplate, gauntlets, cuisses, and jambes all of iron,—a precaution which was taken on account of the disadvantages their cavalry had suffered from their light cannon at the battle of Cat-

tino. But this usage did not find its way into general practice in Europe for at least ten years after. [More anon.]

Suffolk Words and Phrases, &c. By Edward Moor, F.R.S. F.A.S. &c. 12mo. pp. 525. London 1823. R. Hunter.

WHEN Sterne, in a vein of ironical humour, represented "my uncle Toby" as engaged in drawing his parallels and covering his approaches, he illustrated, perhaps unconsciously, a quality in human nature from the contemplation of which, in its legitimate exercise, the uninvited heart will derive far greater gratification than can be afforded by the stimulus of ridicule or the poignancy of satire. The propensity of the active mind to rise superior to circumstances that trammel it, and its ingenuity in chalking out minor pursuits when precluded from continuing its struggles on the larger arena of public life, presents at all times a pleasing spectacle. We love to behold the disbanded veteran busied, though merely in ranging the mimic ranks of the village train, and in unison with this profession, have hailed with pleasure the amusing "attempt" of the gallant collector of "*Suffolk Words and Phrases*." That county, together with many relics of the dialect of our forefathers, retains at least as large a portion of their more sterling distinctions as any other which this kingdom can boast; and we took up this little work with a disposition to prize its merits and to palliate its defects. So disposed, we rejoiced to find there is much to applaud as friends, and little to condemn as censors. Not that the deep-read etymologist must expect to be edified in the perusal by the results of much original research, or the fastidious critic hope to escape unhocked by occasional inaccuracies of style: not that sufficient discrimination has been exercised in the admission of vulgarities of pronunciation, nor adequate precautions instituted to ensure the locality of the "*Lingualisms*;" yet, considered as a manual for reference, the volume is fraught with instruction, and, as a companion for our idle moments, not destitute of entertainment. The conjectural criticisms with which its pages are interspersed, if not always tenable, are generally ingenious; and though many of the illustrations cannot be considered new, they are retold in a manner which renders them all but original. The following articles are produced here as characteristic of the raciness and naïveté of the style:—

"BANG. The poorest and hardest kind of Suffolk cheese is so called. We are somewhat tender on the subject of cheese, for which, of our own growth, we have several other names,—*trip* and *conmilt*, among them. 'Three times skimmed sky-blue' is a round-about and not very flattering description sometimes given of our home-made article; but is evidently more applicable to the azure liquid of which it is made. It was on this sort of ware, I imagine, that the poor hungry sow was vainly endeavouring to make an impression, when she was commiseratingly noticed by our poet, Bloomfield, in his *Farmer's Boy*. He describes our bang as being

"Too large to swallow and too hard to bite."

"LARGES.—A gift in harvest time usually of a shilling to the reapers, who ask and expect it of visitors to the harvest field. For this the reapers assemble in a ring, holding each other's hands, and inclining their heads to the centre. One of the party—the *Coryphée*—detached a few yards, calls loudly thrice,

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'Holla Lar!—Holla Lar!—Holla Lar!—*jees*—lowering the voice at the last lengthened syllable.—Those in a ring lengthen out *o-o-o* with a low sonorous note and inclined heads; and then throwing their heads up, vociferate a-a-a-h! This is thrice repeated, and at the last, 'thank Mr. —' so and so—'for his larges' is interpolated by the caller.

"This ceremony of crying larges, is called 'Haller larges.' A man receiving a shilling will ask you if you 'choose to have it halloed?' If answered in the affirmative, he collects his fellow workmen and they *haller* it forthwith. Otherwise they *haller* the whole day's receipts toward the close of the evening. There are few rural sounds more poetical, more pleasing, or more affecting. Holloed, or halloed, I suppose. Some have supposed it to be *halloed*, and have fancied it connected with a halleyuh, or thanksgiving. 'A *Largess, Largitio*,' says Ray, 'to harvest men who cry a larges so often as there are pence given.' E. W. p. 79. Thrice for a shilling is the established exchange in Suffolk.

"It would appear that gloves were formerly given to harvest men by their employer. Tassier says,

Give gloves to thy reapers a largess to cry. p. 183. So that 'haller' appears also of old standing. In the parts of Suffolk bordering on Norfolk, the meeting of the harvest men, sometimes with their wives, at the parish alehouse, to 'spend their larges money,' (a universal custom) is called *Hockey*, which see.—See also Cullum's *Hawstead*. p. 227.

"The word *Largess* was formerly in extensive usage—and is not even now very confined, though the above custom is believed to be local.

"In the Household Book of the 5. Earl of Northumberland, A. D. 1512, printed in the 4th vol. of the Antiqu. Rep. there is this entry.—Item—My Lord useth and accustometh to gyf yerely upon new yere's day to his Lordship's officer of Armes, Arrol, or Purveyor, for crying Larges before his Lordship the said new yere's day, as upon the xijth day following after, Xs. for an day.' p. 257. And in p. 324 of the same volume, it is said, that 'the ceremony of crying Larges by the Heralds is still kept up at the creation of Knights of the Garter and of the Bath.' By creation is probably meant installation or investiture.

"Shakespeare uses the word more than once, I dare say, 'though one place only now occurs to me,

— over and beside

Signor Baptista's liberality,

I'll mend it with a largess.

Taming of the Shrew, I. 2.

"In Scottish, *Largess* means liberality. J. It has the same meaning in other parts; but in Suffolk it is used only in the way first noted.

"*SIBBIT*.—Banns of matrimony. This word has been derived from *Sib*, said to mean akin; and to imply, that by banns the parties have a right to become akin, that is, *sib-right*. Some say it is *sib-right*, the right to take a rib. Ray has this proverb:—

As much *sibb'd* as seive and riddle that grew in the same wood. p. 225.

And he says that 'sibb'd means akin, and that in Suffolk the banns of matrimony are called *sibberidge*,' which is correct; though *sibbit* be most common. Both are in extensive use. *Sibbit* is said in Sir Thomas Browne's tract 'Of Languages' to be a Norfolk word. Sir Henry Spelman derives it from *sib*, akin; and *byrht*, manifest: hence, he says, to *bruit*,

to divulge, to spread abroad. Ray derives it from *sib* and *ritus*. 'Sib, or sybbe,' he says, 'is an ancient Saxon word signifying kindred, alliance, affinity. *Sibberidge*, or *Sibbered*; the banns of matrimony. Suffolk. *Ab A. S. syb, sybbe*.' Ray. E. W. pp. 53, 85.

"Nares has not *Sibbit* in his Glossary. He sufficiently illustrates *sib* and *sibbed*, in the sense of kinsman. *Sib* is also Scottish. 'Sib, sibb: related by blood—from the Ang. Sax. *sib*, consanguineous; *sibman*, a relation; *sibnes*, propinquity of blood, relation.' J. It occurs twice in the sense of relationship in Scottish colloquialism in *Gay Manner*. II. 183, 219. It occurs also in the *Antiquary*. III. 75, 'By the religion of our holy church, they are ower sibb thegither.' Again, 'they may be brought to think themselves *sae sibb* as no christian law will permit them wedlock.' And in the Glossary, *sib* is explained 'related to.' I do not find, however, that *sibbit* or *sibridge* is Scottish.

"In Cheshire and Lancashire, *sibbed* is adverbially current in the sense of related to—of kin to. 'Sib or sibbe is a good old word for relationship, still retained in *gossip*, or *God's sib*. *Sibbe*, *affinitas*, Teutonic.' W. When the *sibbit* have been thrice published, we say the parties are *out-axt*, which see.

"After all, the word is deduced from the beginning of the banns, as they used to be published in Latin—'Si quis siveret,' &c. If any one knows, &c. This happy derivation was suggested to me by a learned and reverend friend.

"SNEW. Snowed. 'Ta snow.' And this is consonant with the analogy of our tongue. We have *blew* for blowed, *knew* for knowed, *crew* for crowed, &c.; and, in Suffolk, we follow it up with *new*, *snew*, *new*, &c. While writing with icy fingers (January 1823,) this phrase occurred. 'Tis queer wutha ta be sewer. 'Ta thew i the mawnin, an ta snow afore nune.' "

More of example we may not insert, and still less are we disposed to encroach upon our columns by an ostentatious enumeration of trivial mistakes. Yet there is one to which chance has directed us, so palpable and so diverting, that we cannot forbear registering it for the benefit of incipient dabbles in etymology. It occurs under the article "Hockey," a local term for "harvest-home." The origin of this word, though not perfectly decided, is generally traced to the German; we may imagine, then, with what delight the good Major must have heard that "*Hock-zeit*" denoted "a game or holiday in Germany," and being acquainted with no other vocable of kindred sound save the generous beverage (Anglice) so called, with what satisfaction he must have annexed the conjecture, "connected with the vintage, perhaps," picturing to himself a ruby Bacchus preceding the festive crew, in place of our Queen of the Harvest. Alas, that a slight orthographical correction should dispel this pleasing delusion! that by the simple restitution of an *h* this more sonorous parent of our unpretending Hockey should be converted into a plain, literal, translation of "high-time" (or tide), and that the amended designation should now be appropriated, *par excellence* of course, to a fête in which the Goddess of Love is generally held to be more interested than the God of Wine,—need we add? a wedding!

It is curious to remark how many words among the (nearly) 3000 Suffolkisms here quoted, bear a close resemblance to the Scotch dialect; more than even the Lancashire

phraseology, so whimsically preserved by Tim Bobbin. The letter *A*, abbreviated to make the many meanings assigned to it, is exemplified in the following homely lines to the cuckoo:

"In April—a shake 'as bill,
In May—a pipe all day,
In June—a change 'as tune,
In July—awah 'a fly,
Else in August—awah 'a must."

As an elucidation of the light such provincial records as the present throw on our old writers, especially the dramatists, we copy two connected entries:

"*SNICUP*.—Under *HICUP*.—*SNICUP*, I have ventured to offer a reading of a passage in Shakespeare. I had not then seen what Nares has given under his article *Sneckup*, where he very fully and amusingly illustrates the word. It is probable that my conjecture is fanciful, but I am not quite convinced thereof. - - -

"*HICUP*.—*SNICUP*.—The hiccup, or hiccup. The following charm, thrice repeated, holding the breath, is, or used to be, with us, a cure for this diaphragmatic convulsion:

Hiccup-snicup—look up—right up—

Three drops in a cup—is good for the hiccup.

"One of Shakespeare's drunken characters, Sir Toby Belch, in Twelfth Night, used the word 'sneckup'—interjectively, in an unconnected, and, to the commentators, in an accountable sense. On the stage, Sir Toby was probably represented as frequently hiccuping, and was verbally instructed to smartly exclaim *sneckup*, at each return of the throes; as a sort of charm, then well known, against the recurrence of the symptom. The exclamation is printed—the instruction, not. In Beaumont and Fletcher the word is also used; but I know not where, as I cite from Steevens' notes on Shakespeare, who gives no reference. It there seems to have a connexion with hiccup or drunkenness—

"Let your father go *sneckup*—he shall never come between a pair of sheets with me again whilst he lives."

These quotations so frequently introduce the name of Archdeacon Nares, that we need hardly point out how deeply all our etymologists are indebted to that gentleman for his admirable Glossary,—a book which we dare hardly refer to, for we always find, however busy we are, that a glance into its pages seduces us into an hour or two of very amusing and profitable, but not always convenient reading. Neither is Mr. Moor to be passed without praise for his attractions in this way. Superadding his directions for the true Suffolk enunciation, we think the party must be dull indeed who would not obtain a hearty laugh at many of his articles. These directions are as follow:

"To peculiarity of language I may add a remark on an extraordinary elevation and depression of voice—a sort of whine—altogether uncalled for in any emphatic sense, strikingly observable in our common discourse. This is not to be described in writing; sometimes, indeed, a very every-day sort of a speech, so far as the language and intended effect are concerned, might be set to music. This is not always displeasing. But in some families a sort of semi-grunt, or straining, prevails on the most common occasions. I have heard a young person, in reply to 'what's o'clock?' deliver 'half past eleven;' in a tone denoting as much unhappiness and distress, as might have sufficed, had it been the precise moment fixed on for the

amputation of a finger, or the extraction of a tooth—though the party was in perfect health, and nothing was in fact meant more than met the ear, in the ordinary power of the words. These little matters are striking to foreigners, who have farther noted that we are a diminutive race of mortals, and eat no vegetables at our meals.* —

As an exercise we subjoin a genuine Suffolk letter—

Dear Friend,—I was axed some stonnds ago by Billy P. our 'sesser at Mulladen to make inquisition a' yeow if Master — had pahd in that there money into the Bank. Billy P. he fare kienda nnasy about it, and when I see him at Church ta day he ash timmy, says he, prah ha yeow wrot—so I kienda weft' um off—and I sah, says I, I heent hard from Squire D—as yit, but I dare sah, I shall afore long—So prah write me some lines, an send me wald, wutha the money is pahd a' nae. I dont know what to make of our Mulladen folks, nut I—but somehow or another, theyre allus in dibles, an I'll be rot if I dont begin to think some of em a'tahn up scaly at last; an as to that there fulla—he grow so big and so purdy that he want to be took down a peg—an I'm glad to hare that yeow gint it em properly at Wicklum. I'm gooin to meet the Mulladen folks a' Friday to go a bounden, so prah write me wald afore theunum, an let me know if the money be pahd, that I may make Billy P. asy. How stamin cowl this nowadays—we heent no feed no where, an the stock run blierein about for wittles jest as if twa winter—yeow mah pend out twool be a mortal bad season for green geese, an we shant ha no springs wahs afore 8oom fair. I clipt my ship last Tuesday (list a'me—I mean Wensday) an tha scribe up their backs so nashunly I'm afeard they're wholly stryd—but 'strus God tis a strange cowl time. I heent got no news to tell ye, only we're all stamnenly set up about that there corn bill—some folks dont fare ta like it no matters, an tha sah there was a nashun noise about it at Norrij last Saturday was a fautnit. The mob they got 3 ejfis, a farmer, a squire, an a mulla, an strus yeowre alive they hung um all on one jibbit—so folks sah. Howsomever we are all quite enough here, case we fare to think it for our good. If yeow see that there chap Harry — give my sarvice to em. I remain,

Yar true frind,

* "Poonch (says the author elsewhere) is descriptive of not only our celebrated race of cart horses, but also of our—possibly less celebrated—race of men and women. We are both—or rather all three—said by foreigners to be moulded on rather a small scale—and *Punchy* is the term by which they have seen fit to designate our alleged diminutive stature. This we pronounce in our usual way, *Poonchy*." A Suffolk Poonch—or 'A true Suffolk meecowd'—are phrases well understood by us. Our horses are, however, no longer small and compact, whatever our men and women are.—A team of our true original, or Norman, stock of punchy horses is now rarely seen—and I doubt if, in losing their distinguishing character, they have gained any thing adequate in exchange."

Extracts from the Diary of the late Michael Underwood, M.D. Published for the benefit of his Widowed Daughter. 12mo. pp. 170. Hatchard & Son.

This is a work of charity and mercy; and we hasten to give the charitable and merciful an intimation where they may exercise those

'twice blessed' feelings.* In her fiftieth year, and toiling to sustain life by the work of her own hands, the daughter of a man so eminent in his profession as to preside as accoucher at the birth of the lamented Princess Charlotte, has made this modest but eloquent appeal to the public. To doubt its success would be to doubt the public virtue—to libel the public character. During a period of sixty years, Dr. Underwood kept a diary of all his doings and the impressions on his mind. From the mass thus formed, a friend has picked the present volume, which consists of religious meditations and congenial subjects. Here, such thoughts and words as we have reprehended in a Review of Travels in this very Number, are appropriate and right; and here we accordingly and consistently recommend what in that instance we were bound to condemn. On the work itself, however, we will pronounce no opinion. Its author seems to have overshadowed and bewildered his mind by painful metaphysical contemplation of the greatest mysteries of religion; but he displays a christian, if a too intense, anxiety to arrive at truth and satisfy his soul. But we will not suffer ourselves to be led into the question:—Dr. Underwood appears to have been a good and pious man; and to the good and pious we commend the forlorn case of his helpless offspring. We shall only quote his paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer, and express our trust that his daughter will experience the efficacy of the petition in its sixth line.

Father, whose Word has giv'n all being birth,
Whose lofty throne is Heaven, whose footstool
Jehovah, hallow'd be that awful Name, [earth:
Oh, haste, the kingdom of thy grace proclaim;
Let earth with Heaven, in glad obedience vie;
And let thy Providence our bread supply;
Thy mercy pardon for our faults bestow,
As we forgive the debtor, and the foe;
Nor lead us in temptation's dangerous way,
But let thy strength our sliding footsteps stay:
For thine's the power to save the sons of men;
Be thine the glory evermore, Amen!

* Dr. Warren of Lower Brook Street, Dr. J. Pearson of Golden Square, Mr. Chevalier of South Audley Street, and Mr. Upton of Throgmorton Street, may be referred to.

The Family Oracle of Health; or, Magazine of Domestic Economy, Medicine, and good Living. Edited by A. F. Crell, M.D., &c. and W. M. Wallace, Esq. Three Monthly Nos. Svo. pp. 124. London 1823. John Walker.
"The Family Oracle!" exclaims Mrs. Everybody; "there shall be no oracles in my family but myself."—"But, my chuck," gently whispers her husband, "consider the importance of the subjects—health, economy, medicine, and good living!"—"Fiddle di di," replies the lady, "cannot I take care of your health? Do not I practise the most admirable economy in regulating every thing according to my own way? As for medicine, it is quackery; and I am quite sure you live well enough. No, no, we will have no Oracles here; I have said it."

In spite of this prohibition, Oracles have been famous from time immemorial; and having always taken in mankind, it is but a fair claim which any one of the name may now advance to be taken in. Thus reasoning, we stole a critical march, and these three Oracular Numbers are now under consideration. Unlike the ancient *Oracula*, the modern presumes only to dictate on the common af-

fairs of life, and leaves questions of peace or war, &c. to other fates. If no Pythia utters the weighty truths, they are sometimes, at least, couched in pithy language; and if no auguries are framed, as of old, from the motions or feeding of fish, we are informed (a much wiser thing) how to cook and eat fish ourselves. To drop allusion, there are many good receipts, medical, culinary, and economical, in this work. On controversial questions relating to medicine and its professors, it has some rather bitter remarks; it does not spare quacks; and, in short, with a portion of heavy and uninteresting matter, has so much of smartness and talent as to form a medley whence both more useful hints and entertainment may be drawn than ever were from Delphi with its tripods, or Dodona with its brazen kettles. Whether its opinions on several disputed points are just or unjust, we have not the means of knowing; and therefore we shall leave them to the readers of the work, and do our duty by serving up an olla of its miscellaneous dishes.

As good living is one of the most essential points which can engage the attention, we shall set out with a reference to that desirable attainment:

"The first digestion is made by the teeth."

As all genuine gourmands eat slowly, from the experience that fast eating soon destroys the stomach and brings on a premature old age, we shall beg leave to dip a little into the philosophy of mastication. For the purposes of reducing our food after it is cooked, to the form of a pulp or paste, we are provided with an apparatus more complete than those who have not examined the subject can conceive. The teeth are admirably adapted to grind the food, and the tongue, with its flexibility and its endless motions, to turn it in the mouth, while it is mixed with a fluid supplied in abundance from several pairs of fountains or glands in the vicinity, from which pipes are laid and run into the mouth. The whole surface indeed of the mouth and tongue, as well as the other internal parts of the body, give out more or less moisture; but this is not enough for the purposes of mixture with the food in eating.

The largest of the glands which supply the mouth with fluid, lie as far off as the ear on each side, and extend to the angle of the jaw, consisting of a great number of round soft bodies about the size of garden peas, from each of which a pipe or channel goes out, and all of these uniting, form a common channel on each side. This common channel runs across the cheek nearly in a line with the lap of the ear and the corner of the mouth, and terminates opposite to the second or third grinder, by a hole into which a large hog's bristle can be introduced. Now the beauty of this contrivance is, that the gland, being situated at the angle of the jaw, the motion of the jaw in eating must press the fluid along the channel, at the very time it is wanted in the mouth.

The openings on the next pair of glands may be discovered on carefully examining the mouth by means of a looking-glass. They are placed on each side of the bridle of the tongue, and near its root, opposite to the base of the fore-teeth. They are similar in structure to the former, being composed of pea-like globes, which send off pipes that unite in a common winding channel. The glands themselves may be felt under the jaw on each side, of an oval shape, and firm to the touch.

The next pair have no common channel, but each of the small pipes opens into the mouth. These glands may be seen lying under the tongue on each side of the bridle, and only covered by the thin membrane of the mouth. They are usually

of a bluish colour, from the blood-vessels which pass along their surface.

The art of the chemist can discover in the fluids produced from these glands little else besides water, a little mucus, and what is called by chemists the phosphate of lime; yet the saliva is found to have a more extraordinary power than water of dissolving substances, and hence its great utility as a dissolver of the food. It has been estimated that about a pound of saliva flows into the mouth every day, and particularly during the exhalations of a good diner.

Our readers may examine their mouths, if they please, and see that all the pipes are in proper order; and after that to dinner with what appetite they may. Should it tempt them to a debauch of oysters, we can tell them from the Oracle—

When too many oysters have been incautiously eaten, and are felt lying cold and heavy on the stomach, we have an infallible and immediate remedy in hot milk, of which half a pint may be drank, and it will quickly dissolve the oysters into a bland, creamy jelly. Weak and consumptive persons should always take this after their meal of oysters.

Should the contrary be the case, and the appetite weak, here are two preparations which would tempt a person without a palate:

"How to prepare Osmosome."

Divide a piece of rump steak, or the lean of any sort of meat, into small fragments, and cover it for an hour or two with cold water, pressing it occasionally to squeeze out the juice. Pour off the water and preserve it, and add a fresh quantity, repeating the same process two or three times. Mix the several waters in a flat basin of china or porcelain, and evaporate till part coagulates and part remains liquid, the latter of which is to be filtered and evaporated by a very gentle heat to the consistence of a syrup, which will be of a deep rich colour. Still, however, it is impure, and requires subsequent refining. This is done by pouring upon it some of the best spirit of wine which can be obtained, which dissolves only the osmosome, and will not take up any other animal impurity. Having now procured the osmosome in union with the spirit of wine, we have only to evaporate the latter to procure the genuine osmosome, which is of a rich yellowish brown, and of an exquisite flavour.

To make an exquisite Midnight Devil of Woodcocks.

Mix equal parts of fine salt, cayenne pepper, and currie powder, with double the quantity of powder of truffles; cut up a brace of under-roasted woodcocks, and powder every part gently with the mixture; crush the trails and brains along with the yolk of a hard-boiled egg, a small portion of pounded mace, and the grated peel of half a lemon, and half a spoonful of soy, until the ingredients be brought to the consistence of a fine paste; then add a table spoonful of catsup, a full wine-glass of Madeira, and the juice of two Seville oranges; throw this sauce, along with the birds, into a silver stew-pan, close covered, to be heated with a spirit-of-wine lamp: keep it gently simmering, and occasionally stirring, till the meat has imbibed the greater part of the liquid. When you have reason to suppose it done, pour in a small quantity of salad oil, stir it well, and then. It should be instantly served round as hot as fire:—a cold devil is only fit for the burning skies of India.

Our Oracle declares that no soups are nourishing; and maintains that it was owing to the attempt to feed the prisoners in the Penitentiary with soups, that they became exposed to typhus-fever and literally starva-

tion to death. But let us turn to less painful subjects: first, we address our own sex, (at least we hope so;) and next (regulating our gallantry in this instance by the author's pages)—and next the better sex:

Bacchanalian's Draught, after Feasting and Drinking.

It is the lot of our poor humanity, that all our pleasures are followed sooner or later by pain or uneasiness, and in proportion, also, to the exquisiteness of the pleasure. After a night enjoyed over the bottle, the morning is generally ushered in by qualms of stomach, and twinges of headache, which we shall now show how to dismiss or relieve. The grand tormentor, in these cases, is ever an acid which sickens the stomach, gripes the bowels, and tugs at every nerve in the body, till the head, where most of the nerves meet, rings again with the turmoil. Now the grand destroyer of your acid is magnesia, of which a large tea-spoonful, with a pinch of powdered ginger, may be put into a small glass of good brandy or Hollands, and taken on awakening in the morning. If one draught does not relieve this heart-burn and squeamishness, try half a glass more of the same composition. Have your coffee brought to you strong and hot, while in bed; and after breakfasting à la antique, take an hour's nap, and you will feel as fresh as if nothing had happened.

Now for the Fair:

As a stream late conceal'd
By the fringe of its willows,
Now rushes reveal'd
In the light of its billows;
As the bolt bursts on high
From the black cloud that bound it,
Flash'd the soul of that eye,
From the LONG LASHES round it.

It is no less strange than true, however, that European beauties are quite inattentive to the growth of their eye-lashes; though in Circassia, Georgia, Persia, and Hindostan, it is one of the first objects of a mother's care to promote the growth of her children's eye-lashes.

Hair left to itself seldom grows long, but either splits at the top into two or more forks, or becomes smaller and smaller till it end in a fine goosamer point. When it does so, it never grows any longer, but remains stationary. The Circassian method of treating the eye-lashes is founded on this principle. The careful mother removes with a pair of scissors the forked and goosamer-like points (not more) of the eye-lashes, and every time this is done their growth is renewed, and they become long, close, finely curved, and of a silky gloss. This operation of tipping may be repeated every month or six weeks. The eye-lashes of infants and children are best tipped when they are asleep. Ladies may, with a little care, do the office for themselves. This secret must be invaluable to those whose eye-lashes have been thinned and dwarfed, as often happens by inflammation of the eyes. Some remarks which occur here on the beauty of large full eyes, and the means of heightening their effect, shall be introduced hereafter.

Is not this unwise in our Oracle? Is not he satisfied with the execution already done by female eyes, but would render them more deadly? The man is sorely mad.

But in these cases

"He shall have judgment here; that he has taught

Fatal instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor."

And yet here is another beautifying specific for purifying the skin (external washes being disapproved of)—

Take one dram of tincture of cardamum seeds,

fifteen drops of ipecacuan wine, and as much of the flowers of sulphur as will lie on a shilling; mix them, and add half a glass of any weak wine such as ginger or elder wine, and take it on going to bed. This may be repeated every second or third night; or according to circumstances once or twice a week.

Confining ourselves principally to the subject with which we set out, namely, good living, we shall conclude with one other extract:

Hunger.—It shakes our faith very much as to the high pretensions to knowledge, put forth by physicians and anatomists, that none of them can explain the cause of hunger. If you ask them what causes hunger, one will tell you, that it is the sides of the stomach rubbing upon one another; a second will say, it is a pursuing or drawing together of the stomach for want of something to distend it; and a third will tell you, it is the gastric juice actually set about digesting part of the stomach for want of something else to do. The latter assertion is thought to be supported by instances of the stomach being found after death, actually digested in several parts; but nothing which is alive can be digested, and it only proves that the gastric juice retains its power of digesting after death, in the same way as the gastric juice of the calf is employed in the form of rennet to curdle milk.

We also give our own explanation of hunger, and think it is caused by want of the accustomed pressure of food on the nerves of the inner surface of the stomach; and as soon as this pressure is made by a fresh supply of food, the nerves are again stirred up into agreeable action, and secretion is thereby produced of the digestive fluid. Several circumstances render this explanation the most probable one. For instance, the sensation of hunger is increased by cold air, by cold drink, by acids, and by bitters; while it is diminished by heat, by warm drinks, by opium, by tobacco, and by every thing which has a tendency to blunt the feeling of the nerves. This principle may perhaps explain why gum arabic allays hunger, not by affording nourishment, but by blunting or covering the superficial nerves of the stomach.

It has been objected to every account of hunger hitherto given, that the circumstance of the sensation ceasing after a time, though no food be taken, remains unexplained. In this we see no difficulty, for it resolves itself into the general law of sensation, that every strong feeling diminishes in proportion to its continuance.

Praying that no experience of this kind may ever enable any of our readers to form their own judgment, we take our leave of the Oracle and all his art of training bruisers, saving soap in washing, swaddling infants, medical humbug, making coals out of nothing, and other matters not more diversified than they are worthy of his Oracular powers. There is room for improvement in the work, and if encouraged, we think there is talent enough to improve it. At present it is between jest and earnest, half fun and half utility,—a mule between a jeu d'esprit and a scientific treatise upon all things and every thing besides.

History of the Political Institutions of the Nations of Europe and of America; with the Constitutions and Charters by which they have been and are now governed. From the French of Dufon, Duerger, and Gudet. By T. E. Evans. Part I. France. 8vo. pp. 352. London 1823. Black, Young, & Young.

A PUBLICATION of this kind forbids analysis, and we can only notice it as a work calculated to be eminently useful in the way of political

and legal information. It separates the civil history (if we may so say) from the military, personal, and accidental history of nations; and enables us more distinctly to trace institutions to their existing state. The work before us appears to be ably and impartially written. The variety of theoretical Constitutions under which France has bled, in her phases, furnishes abundant materials for the volume. The next Number is to embrace the Netherlands, and the whole work is expected to be complete in about five volumes, octavo

MILLINGTON'S NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

The Atmosphere: Properties of Air, &c. EXPERIMENT proves that a cubic foot of air is capable of retaining in suspension or solution 12 grains of water; consequently the atmosphere must at all times be more or less charged with aqueous vapours, and Dr. Halley calculated that 5280 millions of tons of water were evaporated from the surface of the Mediterranean sea in one summer's day. Dr. Thompson says that 94,450 cubic miles of water circulate annually through the atmosphere. So soon however as the density of air is diminished, or the particles of water are brought into a closer state of aggregation by cold or other causes, they collapse and are precipitated, or returned back again in the form of visible fluid.

The quantity of water in the atmosphere is ascertained by hygrometers, which are of various forms and kinds.

Air not only incorporates with water, but with a great variety of other volatile materials, by which many of its characters become much changed; and since heat assists in these combinations, so all warm or hot fluids will evaporate more readily than such as are cold. Drop a few drops of ether into a large drinking-glass, and cover it with a plate for a few minutes, when the ether will evaporate into the air, and will render it so inflammable that it will take fire on the approach of a taper. Exhaust an open-topped receiver, previously covered with a brass-plate having a stopcock, and a long bent copper pipe attached to it, and let the air in again by this pipe through the flame of a lamp trimmed with spirits of turpentine. The receiver will appear to be full of smoke, but that smoke will have carried such a quantity of essential oil with it, and this will have so effectually combined with the air as to render it inflammable, and it will burn with a beautiful flame.

Notwithstanding the attraction that thus appears to exist between air and various fluids, yet the very pressure of the atmosphere prevents their rising in vapour, or evaporating upon slight increments of temperature. Thus ether is the rarest of all the visible fluids, and when a cup containing a little of this is placed under the receiver of an air pump, a very trifling action of the pump will make it boil. Water in the open air will not boil unless heated to 212 degrees, but when the atmospheric pressure is removed it boils at a much lower temperature; and a glass of strong ale when heated in the slightest degree will put on the appearance of boiling under an exhausted receiver.

These circumstances suggested to the Rev. Mr. Wollaston a means of measuring mountains or other elevations by means of the thermometer and boiling water; for if water under atmospheric pressure at the surface of the earth requires its temperature to be raised to 212 degrees to make it boil, and it boils at a lower heat when that pressure is

diminished by the air-pump, so boiling the water at a greater height in the open air, will diminish that pressure as effectually as placing it under an exhausted receiver, and accordingly it has been ascertained that water boils at the top of Mont Blanc at 187 instead of 212 degrees.

Clouds, fogs, rain, hail, and snow, result from various modifications of aqueous vapours which have risen from the earth into the atmosphere: dew is a condensation of the moisture at the time of evaporation. The condensation of air itself (which has been carried to a great degree, as in the air-gun*) does not produce any change on its fluidity, transparency, elasticity, or other characters.

When the air of the atmosphere is thrown into motion by any cause, it produces the sensation called *Wind*, and although many circumstances may induce such motion, yet change of temperature is one of the principal of them.

The ascent of smoke in chimneys, land and sea breezes, and the trade winds, are natural modifications of this, and the same principle. On the contrary, among the irregular winds, or those which are not constant but accidental, the *Whirlwind*, the *Harmatan*, and the *Sirocco*, may be mentioned as the most conspicuous. The first of these is occasioned by the meeting of two or more currents of wind from opposite directions, and which can only be occasioned by some temporary but violent disturbance of equilibrium. The Harmatan is met with on the western coast of Africa, and is generally attended by great heat and fog; it appears to be occasioned by a conflict between the heated sands of Africa, and the regular direction of the trade winds over that continent, and by disturbing their progress, it is frequently a forerunner of a hurricane in the West Indies. The Sirocco occurs in Egypt, the Mediterranean, and in Greece, and is chiefly characterized by its very unhealthy qualities. The air by passing over the heated sands of Egypt becomes so dried and rarefied as to be scarcely fit for respiration, and being so prepared, it absorbs so much humidity on passing the Mediterranean sea as to form a suffocating and oppressive kind of fog.

And the force of wind or air in motion is ascertained by means of instruments called *Anemoscopes* and *Anemometers*, and is as the squares of its velocities. Some of the sensible effects of wind, as given by Mr. Smeaton from Mr. Rouse's calculations, are as follows:—When it moves at the rate of one mile in an hour, its effects are scarcely perceptible; between four and five miles an hour produces what is generally called a breeze; from 10 to 15 miles an hour makes a brisk gale; from 30 to 45 miles, a strong or hard gale; from 50 to 60 miles, a storm; and from 80 to 100 miles in an hour produces a hurricane, such

* It is a curious fact, that although the air-pump is a modern invention, yet the air-gun, which is so nearly allied to it in the construction of its valves and condensing syringe, should have existed long antecedent to it; for it is recorded that an air-gun was made for Henry IV. by Marin, of Lisleux in Normandy, as early as 1408; and another was preserved in the armoury at Schmettau, bearing the date 1474. The air-gun of the present day is however very different from that which was formerly made, and which discharged but one bullet after a long and tedious process of condensation, while it now discharges five or six without any visible variation of force, and will even act upon a dozen, but with less effect.

as occasionally occurs in the West Indies, and which sweeps away houses, trees, and every thing opposed to its force.

Finally, it is stated as a practical rule, that the square of the velocity of any wind being found and multiplied by 16, the product will be the impulse or resistance upon a square foot in grain weights.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

POMPEII.*

— "In another house, which the workmen were just busied in clearing, we saw in one room a great many amphore for wine, ranged in regular order. On one of them we observed some white stripes, like tickets as labels, on which some words were written in very small letters, as if with pencil, and pretty legible: they seemed to me to be Greek, but my want of acquaintance with these written characters, hindered me from being certain. It would have been easy to copy them, but I was not permitted, and the public may probably have to wait long before they or the above mentioned coins are made known.

In another house, not far from this, there was a soap manufactory, in which every thing necessary was found, even a heap of lime, which has acquired a dazzling whiteness; but has lost all its strength and other properties of lime.

A remarkable well, too, has been discovered, which, at the depth of a hundred palms, gives sweet, drinkable, very pure and cool water: it has a rather sharp, piquant, but not unpleasant taste: it has not yet been analysed.

I have been frequently at Castellamare, four miles from Pompeii, which is still called Castellamare di Stabia, from the buried town of Stabia, though the real site of that ancient place cannot be ascertained. This year, however, I unexpectedly discovered three remains of antiquity, which are in a fine orchard and vineyard, within a quarter of a league of Castellamare, and which there is no doubt belonged to Stabia.

The largest of these ruins, called *La Fontana*, is a large vaulted hall, resembling the grotto of the Nymph Egeria at Rome, but much smaller. It appears to have been open before, and really to have been what the name implies; for at the back there is a semi-circular niche, with a large opening, from which the water probably flowed into a reservoir or basin which is formed before it by a wall two feet and a half high. It is possible, however, that this wall may be of modern date, as it had none of the *opus reticulatum* which is every where to be seen on the side walls of the building, which is still standing, and is the best proof of its antiquity. This hall appears very picturesque as you enter it, being every where clothed with luxuriant vegetation. The prospect from it is very beautiful, extending between large chestnut trees, beautiful festoons of ivy and other creeping plants, over part of the sea, the plain of Pompeii, Torre del Annunziata, and Vesuvius in the background.

A second vault, lying higher up the hill, is certainly antique, but uninteresting; though some inconsiderable remains of painting are here and there discernible on the walls, among which we perceived a prettily designed figure, and a sea monster. But soon nothing will be left, as every curious idler that visits the place knocks off a piece to carry away with

* The first part of this communication has not come to hand.

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him. This was the fate of the figure, which was vanished, when I returned to the spot a few days after my first inspection. The ground is covered with coloured plaster and fragments of mosaic, which have lost all value, from the rage for destruction which is displayed by the visitors.

The third ruin is a small arch, the height of a man, as entrance to a grotto, but which is not deep, and does not repay the trouble and labour of climbing up to it.

Among these remains, at the foot of a little hill on which they are situate, the people show you, under the name of Stabia, broad and deep galleries in the mountain, which are dug in various directions, and seem to have been catacombs. The paintings on the walls, chapels, and altars, represent different saints, whose names are wisely written under them, as otherwise it would be impossible to guess who they were: they are of modern date, and very bad. After seeing the catacombs at Naples, it is not worth while to visit these.

Important Improvement in Tanning.—Mr. Gybbon Spillbury of Walsale, Staffordshire, we understand, has succeeded in reducing the hitherto tedious process of tanning to a very short period. Skins are prepared by his process in nine days, requiring by the old six weeks or two months. Moderately thick hides 4th inch thick in six weeks: these take commonly from nine to twelve months. The leather is in every respect equal in strength and toughness, and will be superior to any hitherto produced. There is no difference in the substances employed, but only in the method of applying them. The principle is *pressure*. This important invention has been secured by patents for the three kingdoms.

The Eye.—Dr. Sömmering discovered the *foramen centrale* in the human retina; since which, the eye-balls of all animals have been carefully examined for this important structure, and several of the quadrumanous genera (especially the real apes) have been found to possess it. But Dr. Knox, in a communication to the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal, now states a very important fact in the theory of vision, and perhaps in that of light, namely, that the *foramen centrale* and accompanying fold of the retina exist in the class of reptiles, "Lizards," though not in all. For instance, the *Lacerta scutata*, *superciliosa*, *Calotes*, &c. have them; while the *Mabuya*, *Gecko*, &c. have not. The appearances are more developed than in man, and consequently may be submitted to closer scrutiny.

LITERATURE.

LEIPSC.—BOOK TRADE.

THE catalogue of the Easter fair of 1823, at Leipzig, contains the names of 2957 new works that have appeared since the September fair of 1822. Of this number, 190 are novels, 484 theological treatises, 136 works on jurisprudence, 155 on medicine, 398 on education, 184 on the belles lettres, 150 on history, 137 on the natural sciences, 378 poetical and literary, 215 on politics, 159 periodical publications, 50 on philosophy, 32 on the military art, 93 in the French language, 62 in the Danish, 56 in the Polish, &c. It must be observed that of the books in foreign languages there are many which were not published in Germany, but were brought to the fair by the booksellers of the countries where they were published, which explains

the cause of the numerous French, Danish, and Polish works in the catalogue. It is remarkable that at almost every fair the theological works surpass in number those of any other description. This is probably owing to Germany being filled with professors of theology, and preachers of different sects, who are all anxious to give the public some proof of their being in existence. It may appear astonishing that one single fair should produce in Germany 215 works on politics, seeing that the censorship is every where in activity. The fact is, that many of them are translated pamphlets, which having no reference to Germany, are allowed to pass easily into public circulation, either more or less mutilated; and that others treat of general propositions in an obscure and perplexed style, the influence of which is in no degree dreaded. Among the 2957 new works at the last fair, 214 were written by princes, counts, and other nobles; and 24 by women. Of the 354 booksellers who brought their books to the fair, eight have titles of nobility. In Germany it is not derogatory to any one to become a bookseller. Of old works there were 489 new editions; but in Germany, as in France, the booksellers who find it difficult to dispose of a first edition, know how easy it is, by the substitution of a new title-page, to give it the appearance of a second. Finally, the Easter fair of 1823 produced 160 works fewer than that of 1822, when the market was burdened with 3117 works, either new, or which it was pretended were so.

Eisteddvod.—The Eisteddvod, or Congress of the Welsh Bards, took place last week at Carmarthen, and we understand that it was most brilliantly attended.—Lord Dinevor, President of the Cambrian Society of Dyfed, was in the chair, and by his side sat the Bishop of St. David's, the Patron of the Society. The successful candidate for the poems on "St. David's College," and "On the recent Victories gained by the Greeks over the Turks," was the Rev. Daniel Evans, M.A. Fellow of Jesus College; and the successful candidate for the verses composed on "Sir Gruffydd ab Nicolas," one of the ancestors of Lord Dinevor, was the Rev. John Jones, M.A. of Christ Church.—*Provincial Journal*.

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 10.—There will be Congregations on the following days of the ensuing term:

Wednesday.....Oct. 22, at eleven.

Wednesday.....Nov. 12, —

Wednesday.....— 26, —

Wednesday.....Dec. 10, —

Tuesday (end of term) — 16, at ten.

The admissions at most of the Colleges, it is said, exceed those of last year.

FINE ARTS.

[Though we have frequently had it in our power to record the advance of the British Arts in estimation on the Continent, and the peculiar merits of the Artist mentioned in the following communication, we are happy to be enabled, from a source of the highest taste, to return to the grateful subject.—Ed.]

OUR countryman, Mr. John Gibson, who now ranks among the distinguished sculptors at Rome, is sought after by the great patrons of Art, both English and foreign, and has full employment for his admirable talent. This young man, who is recommended no less by his modest and unassuming manners than by his genius and enthusiasm for his Art, was origi-

nally enabled to study in Italy by the friendship of Mr. Roscoe and some gentlemen of taste at Liverpool, and of Mr. Watson Taylor—to them he owed his introduction to Canova, and he perfected his style under the eye of that great master.

Mr. Gibson thus expresses himself in a recent letter to a friend in London:—

"I continue to feel delighted in Rome, more so than I can express by words, and am on the best terms of friendship with sculptors from all parts of Europe, who are here, all contending for glory. What an advantage!—to see the productions of so many men of genius, and to have their remarks upon what I do myself!—for I always solicit their advice. Only poetical subjects are admired in Rome, and it is the fashion to purchase such. It is a taste for these that has raised the Art to its present high pitch at Rome, and to this may be attributed the dignity and beauty of Canova and Thorwalsen. I thank God for every morning that opens my eyes in Rome.

"I am giving the last finish to the group of Mars and Cupid, for the Duke of Devonshire. My group of Psyche carried off by Zephyrs, for Sir Geo. Beaumont, is in a forward state. I am making a statue of Cupid in marble for Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, and a Sleeping Shepherd for Lord George Cavendish. Lately I received an order from a German Nobleman, Count Schönbrunn, to execute a Nymph for him, in marble.

"I consider myself particularly fortunate in having this opportunity to execute Poetical subjects in marble—they are what I delight and glory in. I would much rather leave behind me a few fine works than a splendid fortune."

THE KING.—*Drawn by the late Edmund Scott; engraved by F. Ranson.* Published by J. Scott, Brighton, and Colnaghi, London. THIS being a country attached to the Monarchical Form, the portraits of popular kings are always popular articles. The present is a broad and boldly engraved likeness of His Majesty, from a drawing taken, we presume, some years ago; though this surmise is chiefly grounded on the fashion of the hair. The King is in a plain dress, with a star; and there is a good deal of spirit in the management of the design. Of the resemblance we are not so well enabled to judge as we could wish; for few persons have opportunities of making their eyes familiar with the fine countenance of the Sovereign. As far as we can judge, however, both as a likeness and a work of art, this Portrait is entitled to take its rank among the favorites of the public, though it is somewhat muddy in the darkest shadows, and might, by a little management in the costume of the head, have been more strikingly like His Majesty.

PORTRAITS OF PUBLIC MEN.—A. Wivell.

OF this work so many specimens are before us, that we presume we have nearly the complete set, though from its mode of numbering and difference of style we are at a loss to define it for our readers. There is (at any rate) a sufficient diversity in our collection, for we have Peers and Players, Princes and Old Bailey Solicitors, Members of Parliament, Officers, Philanthropists, Lawyers, Foreigners, &c. &c. and the manner is as diversified as the subjects: some are highly finished etchings; some merely sketches. In all the ways, however, there are some good like-

nesses, and among others we may mention, Mr. Hume, Mr. Calvert, Mr. Freemantle, Mr. Brugham, as conveying very faithful ideas of the originals. Lord Holland's is also a commendable portrait; with the faces of Mr. Bennet, James Harmer, Macirone, Duke of Gloucester, Lieut. Fitzclarence, Mr. Buxton, Mr. F. Lewis, Mr. Bernal, we are not so familiar. Neither Young nor Farren are very expressive; nor do we think Mr. Hobhouse or Mr. Tennyson are hits. The whole are respectable, if the price be moderate.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

"A turban girds her brow, white as the sea-foam,
Whence, all untrammelled, her dark thin hair
Streams fitfully upon her storm-beat front;
Her eye at rest, pale fire in its black orb
Innocuous sleeps—but, roused, Jove's thunder-cloud
Ekindles not so fiercely."—*Duke of Mantua.*

"This was the Sybil."

THE GIPSY'S PROPHECY.

Ladye, throw back thy raven hair,
Lay thy white brow in the moonlight bare,
I will look on the stars, and look on thee,
And read the page of thy destiny.
Little thanks shall I have for my tale,—
Even in youth thy cheek will be pale;
By thy side is a red rose tree,—
One lone rose droops withered, so thou wilt be.
Round thy neck is a ruby chain,
One of the rubies is broken in twain;
Throw on the ground each shattered part,
Broken and lost, they will be like thy heart.
Mark yon star,—it shone at thy birth;
Look again,—it has fallen to earth,
Its glory has pass'd like a thought away,—
So, or yet sooner, wilt thou decay.
Over yon fountain's silver fall
Is a moonlight rainbow's coronal;
Its hues of light will melt in tears,—
Well may they image thy future years.
I may not read in thy hazel eyes,
For the long dark lash that over them lies;
So in my art I can but see
One shadow of night on thy destiny.
I can give thee but dark revealings
Of passionate hopes and wasted feelings,
Of love that past like the lava wave,
Of a broken heart and an early grave!

SONGS.

Beautiful are the hues that lie
On that Indian bird's blue wing,
With his rainbow crest and soft black eye,
And neck like the rose of spring.
Love's fond fancies are quickly caught
By links love only can see;
But too much truth there was in the thought
That likened that bird to thee.
To each all outward gifts belong,
But each wants the inward part:
That fair bird has not the sweet gift of song,
And you—oh, you want a heart!

Last night, a fairy bark, for Hope,
That lily floated o'er the wave,
Which now curls round the scattered leaves,
Kissing the flower it cannot save.
A sweet hymn to the setting sun
Came yesterday from that white thorn;
But no song welcomes his return,
The shade is bare, the nest is torn.
What can have made me so desolate
What was last night so very fair?
Were I to judge by my own heart,
I should but say Love had been there.—L. E. L.

PERSIAN MELODIES.

IX.

The harp the great Shams-ud-din* strung
Is wrapt in cold decay,
And e'en the ivy that round it hung
Has long been swept away;
But still its most enchanting notes
Are breathed from other shells,
And still their wonted sweetness floats
Through Iran's† rosy dells.
'Tis thus the good man's virtuous fame
Survives his meaner clay,
When all the beauty that marked his frame
Has long been swept away.

X.

If 't were not for the splendid light
That trembles from yon beauteous star,
How dark would be the form of Night,
Careering in her dusky car.
'Tis thus enlivening Woman cheers
Man's gloomiest hour with fond caress,
When nought of kindred life appears
To soothe the pangs of deep distress.
And yet how oft his reckless heart
Neglects her in his reign of bliss,—
'Tis only in affliction's smart
We truly know what Woman is.
Then wherefore, Man, forget that friend
When Fortune's brightest planets shine?
Remember, when their beauties end,
How dark the night that must be thine.
But liketh thou the thoughtless roe
That sports around the fountain's brink,
Nor heeds the ill that glides below,
Nor cares its limpid wave to drink.
Not so when 'mid the desert's heat
She feels the pains of thirst begin,—
Oh then the bitter draught were sweet
To slake the fire that burns within.
So, when with grief and cares oppress,
How soon we fly to Woman's arms,
And, suppliant round her generous breast,
Forget our woes for Beauty's charms.
Brighton. G. B. H.

* The poet Hafiz.
† That country which we call Persia, but of which Persia is only a province.

SPIRIT'S SONG.

From a Manuscript Tragedy.
Through fire and flood,
Through earth and sea,
I follow, follow thee!—
'Twas on a glittering cloud,
Sun-tinctured, as he lay
On Andes' golden steep,
With sapphire and with ruby gay;—
The stars did round me peep,—
Their pretty eyelids twinkling through the shroud,
Where I heard thee, dark Seer, and I caught thy
keen eye [leasly by—
As its glance pierced the storm that swept reck-
Through fire and flood,
Through earth and sea,
I follow, follow thee!
Magician. What noiest thou upon the perilous
surge? [ed steep,
Spirit. A Mermaid sings from yon cloud-wreath-
And the wave is still on the waters deep:—
Her hair is deck'd, and her dirge is done,
And her wave-wash'd pillow is smoothly strewn.
There's a wail and a woe, ere to-morrow's sun
Flash forth from his cloudy throne,
And the waters give back to the skies their own
Deep flush of rosy light.
Haste thee,—haste thee,—shouldst thou tarry,
Fortune fails and hopes miscarry. J. R.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

Naval Portraits.

—"Ho! the Gazette a-hoy! Heave to,
and take a weather-beaten old Tar aboard.
Zounds! would you make sail and leave me
aground? Almost lost my passage; aye, and
so would you, Mr. Editor, if you'd one foot
in the grave, and was compell'd to hobble
along sideways like a crab, as I do. Well,
well; there, now I'm fairly shipp'd, let's
look about and take a survey of my fellow-
passengers—all worthy souls, no doubt. How
are you, gemmen, how are you?—'Hearty.'
—That's right; long may you float on the
tide of public favour, and scud before the
breeze of prosperity: and as for our foes,
may they be condemned to hunt butterflies,
clad in a pair of half-worn cobweb small-
clothes fastened together with bachelors'
buttons, mounted on the back of an Irish
hunter as rough as a hedge-hog, with a hip-
bone you may hang your hat on. Aye, aye,
I'm no polish'd moon-seer or star-gazer, but
a plain, blunt Sailor. I'm proud of your
company though, gemmen, indeed I am, and
hope you won't despise me 'cause I shake a
cloth in the wind: they are only a few Sailor's
memorandums—'poor, poor dumb mouths.'
Fine feathers make fine birds, they say; but
a wig no more makes a lawyer, than a lawyer
could make a wig, unless it be an ear-wig;
and remember that an honest Tar is not to
be despised—he may carry all his wealth upon
his back; and as for his cash, it may be like
a wild colt on a common, obliged to be driven
up to a corner of his pocket to be caught;
—but 'a man's a man, for a' that.' And
arn't I commenced minotaur-painter—a kind
of di-grammer—a sort of my-crow-cause-mug-
roughly? (there's a word for you.) But this
is a tumble-down-and-get-up-again world,
and the wheel is in constant motion. A man
must either have a handle before his name,
or tail like a comet after it, to get into notice
and expose himself—D.D., M.D., or LL.D.,
which Teddy O'Shaughnessy latinizes 'Legem
Lather-em Doctor.' But avast! let's get
on ship-shape—'All hands a-hoy!'—tumble
up there, you 'Quidams,' and show your-
selves—don't lie skulking in your births when
I want to display your poor-traits. None of
your grinning, Jack Rattlin; you look like
the head of a Dutchman's walking-stick with
a face as long as you can remember, and a
mouth, not from ear to ear, but from there
to yonder. The flowers of the navy, eh? Ah,
so Lord Melville called you; sweet nosegays,
to be sure, if we may guess by the grog
blossoms on your nose! They would have
made you a gunner, Jack, but they were
afraid of trusting that volcano near the maga-
zine. This, gemmen, is the identical son of
that Jack Rattlin that Smollet speaks of in
his Roderic Random, and he's his father's
child every inch of him. There, don't hold
your fin up—I know all about it; and once
get you upon Duncan's action, there'll be no
clapping a stopper on your tongue. I know
what you are going to say now. 'Close
alongside! Close alongside!' was echoed
from the lower and main-deck as you ranged
up to the Dutch Hercules; and the Captain
answered, 'Aye, aye, my men, I'll lay you
close enough, never fear: don't fire till you
hear the quarter-deck.' And so when you
got at a tolerable shake-hands distance, you
rattled your pepper-boxes at them, and made
'em sneeze a bit. Aye, aye, I understand

all about it. In the language of one of our beautiful Latin poets, Horace, Homer, Cæsar, or Jupiter, I forget which—'Pill-em, Mill-em, Board-em, Sword-em, Pike-em, Strike-em, and that's a battle. Ha, Donald, my boy! how's aw wi' you, mon?'—"Brawly, brawly, thanks to ye for speering; how's aw wi' yourself?"—"There's a fine picture, gemmen: look at Donald's wig; it resembles that one cut in stone in the British Museum, and fits as well—not one hair is out of place; indeed his head seems to have been made for it. Look at his countenance! If some of our great Masters want a study from nature, here's the face. But it's of no use talking—I must get some of you into the Exhibition, and then take you to look at your pictures. Hold up your head, Donald, as you've been used to do every rope-yarn Sunday, when you muster'd by divisions, with a clean shirt and a shave. There, gemmen, upwards of eighty, with the bloom of a child, teeth like a young colt, and as active too. This was the man that won the running-match—seven left against seven right wooden pins, in a narrow lane; the left wooden legs on the right hand, and the right wooden legs on the left hand. My eyes, what a clattering as they rattled along and struck against one another! Half a dozen Merry Andrews beating Paddy O'Rafferty on the lids of as many salt-boxes was nothing to it! Donald lost his leg at Trafalgar with the brave Lord Collingwood: indeed he has sailed with him ever since he was a midshipman.—Where's Barney?"—"Here I am, sure."—"And so you are. This, gemmen, is Barney Bryan, the one-eyed carpenter's mate of the Foudroyant. He is a native of Tipperary, though he tries to pass for a countryman of Sir Isaac Coffin's. He lost his eye by the accidental flash of a priming at the battle of the Nile; and has a particular aversion to a Welshman. Old Davy Jenkins, the purser's steward, and he were perpetually wrangling about ancestry, and they frequently threatened to box it out. One day, I remember, (for Barney is an old shipmate of mine), poor Tom Miller and myself set out upon a sporting excursion on Sir Sidney's estate at Rio Janeiro. We had struggled through the woods, torn our clothes and flesh with the brambles, and were almost suffocated with the heat, without shooting so much as a rat; when my messmate, who was some paces in advance, singing

"A light heart and a thin pair of breeches
Will get through the world, my brave boys,"
suddenly stopp'd, and laid his finger on his lip. We enter'd an area that had been clear'd of the trees by the Admiral's men, for the carpenters to work and sawyers to cut the timber. 'Look, (said Tom in a whisper), look there!' Close to the edge of the saw-pit sat old Barney fast asleep, snoring most sonorously, and, as if to beat time, his head kept respectfully bowing to the measure. A huge he-goat at a short distance, whether attracted by Barney's nasal organ, (for 'music hath charms,' &c. &c.) or expecting the repeated nods were a challenge of skill, is uncertain; but at every bend of the one-eyed carpenter's head, up sprung the goat on his hind legs, and shook his tremendous horns in a menacing manner. I wish I could spell a snort, for snoring began to get out of the question now. 'A plot! a plot! whisper'd Tom, almost convulsed with laughter. I'll bet five pounds on the old clothesman. I say it is a good plot—a brave plot, in all its ramifications.'—"Xshhrrt," said old Barney.

Up went the goat again; but whether the apostrophe was longer than usual, or the nod more terrific to this hero 'bearded like the pard,' away sprung Billy, and with one butt capsized the old man backwards into the saw-pit. 'Haugh! haugh! haugh!' roar'd Tom. 'Murder! Murder!' bellow'd old Barney. 'Haugh! haugh! haugh!' went Tom again. I ran to see if he was hurt; but there he lay half buried in dust and shavings, with his blind side uppermost. 'Halloo, Barney! what's the matter?' said Tom. 'Oh, Mr. Miller! (replied the old man,) I didn't think you would have used me in this manner.'—"I! (said Tom;) No, no, I could never have done it so clean if I'd served a seven years' apprenticeship at it. But rouse up, old Barney, at him again; it was Davy Jenkins; here he stands, and says he arn't done with you yet."—"The rascal! the back-biting, assassinating dog! But stop a minute, I'll make him skip like one of his mountain goats, the villain! I'll teach him to take advantage of me. Stop a minute, (rising, and climbing up,) I'll soon show him—" But scarcely did his head appear above the level of the ground, when the animal made another run, and happy it was for the old veteran he dipp'd out of the way. 'What! bob at a shot!' cried Tom. 'Aye aye, (said Barney, crawling out on the opposite side,) I might have guess'd as much when you're concerned, Mr. Miller." In the evening, when the workmen came aboard, "Lay hold of my axe there below," cried the carpenter's mate down the hatchway. "Baah," was the reply. "Ah, your baaing—a fool's bolt is soon shot."—"Baa-aah," flew along the main deck; and from that hour poor old Barney has been almost baa'd out of his senses.—Who have we next? Oh, Dick Wills. Here, gemmen, 's a pretty perpendicular figure, six feet four; his head resembles a purser's lantern stuck on a spare topmast. There's a visage!—a second edition of Voltaire! The barber's afraid to shave him, lest he should cut his fingers through both his cheeks. He walks on his toes, and appears as if he was always looking on a shelf. He was coxswain to Lord Hew Seymour when he commanded the Sans Pareil. Dick has read, or rather swallowed, several authors, without digesting them, and now they lie heavy on his memory. He is a bit of a poet too; but history is his forte. A pun is beneath his notice, and Teddy often gets a severe dressing for torturing words; however, 'tis taken all in good part, with an acknowledgment that a pun is the very punchinello of the vocabulary, and if wanting pungency, merits punition; and when a punitor becomes punitive, he should not punish with a puny punchinello.—Now comes my respected and respectable friend Sam Hatchway. Age has not dimm'd the lustre of that eye; and though the winter of life has spread its snow upon thy head, yet is thy heart as warm as ever. Thus have I seen the frost of ages gather'd on the lofty mountain, while in the valley the luxuriant vine has spread its beauteous foliage, bow'd with the purple cluster, rich in dispensing joy around. Sam sailed the first two voyages round the world with the immortal Cook; and he never to this hour mentions his name without a tear, although he sneezes, coughs, blames the weather, and a hundred contrivances to conceal the real cause. Nearly ninety summers have swept down the tide of time, and he is looking forward to a peaceful mooring in the blessed haven of eternal rest. How calm, how dig-

nified that look by care unruffled! Yes, it is the sweet smile of hope that looks beyond this cold, dull sphere that bounds us. There may we meet again, where hope is unknown, where all is certainty, for all is heaven.—Next comes Johnny Dumont, a native of Canada. He was with Wolfe at Quebec, and saw that gallant hero fall; was present at both Copenhagen affairs, the taking of the Isle of Anholt, and the storming of San Sebastian, at which latter place he lost his right arm in attempting to stop a six-pound shot fired from the citadel. He is a quiet, inoffensive man, and consequently has nothing very striking about him. But I must once more crave your indulgence for the rest, as Sam Quaketoes has just hobbled up to inform me that my presence is requested at the Jolly Sailor, to decide a dispute between Ben Marlin and Jem Breeching, whether the first invention of our ingenious ancestors was a pig's yoke or a mouse-trap,—a subject well worthy of attention in this age of mechanical speculation. Sam, who has lately been studying craniology, has an idea that the brain actually takes the particular form of any object on which the fancy or ingenuity broods. Thus one man's coils away like a patent chain-cable; and another's resembles a steam-engine with a fly-wheel; a third takes the shape of a corkscrew; a fourth of a treadmill in constant motion; a fifth of a roasting-jack; while an author's is constantly changing from a crust of bread to a round of beef—from a sovereign to the King's Bench—from his last work, to a critical review. Good bye, gemmen, good bye—you shall see me again before long. Keep a look-out, for perhaps I may come disguised as a gentleman; till then—Don't bother me, Sam, I'm a-comeing—till then, Meum and Tum." AN OLD SAILOR.

THE BARLEY-CORN CLUB.—NO. XII.

Relics of Shakespeare.

To pronounce a worthy eulogium on our great national poet would require a genius equal to his own; but without holding our farthing candles to the sun, we may be permitted, as plain men, to say with Ben Jonson, that we "honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any." This reverential feeling has prompted us, in common with many other persons, to collect certain tangible memorials of the man, and we are each of us happy in the possession of some genuine curiosity of that kind. Mr. Stukely indeed affects to consider the taste for such things as trifling, and in one sense superstitious. He says that the only unequivocal and valuable relics of the poet are his dramatic works and some of his sonnets, in which, speaking in his own person, he affords us an insight into the structure and workings of his wonderful mind. Yet I believe that with all this pretended indifference, our friend would not on any consideration part with the Collectanea concerning Shakespeare which have been left him by his ancestors; and perhaps his secret affection for this treasure induces him to tolerate the rather extravagant enthusiasm of his associates, in appreciating their own trinkets. Captain Sandys is the proud possessor of an antique eye-glass which an old aunt bequeathed to him, with an assurance that it once belonged to the Lady Barnard, of Abingdon, the granddaughter of Shakespeare, to whom it had been presented by his patron, Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton. Whenever we take our computations in the open air, we use this lens as a conductor of *Prometheus heat*, to light our pipes from the sun. George Vaughan sometimes amuseth us with the tune of "Greensleeves" from a lute once played on by Dowland, Shakespeare's favourite musician; and the Commodore occasionally sports the coral-let worn by the mighty enchanter when he enacted

the ghost in his own Hamlet. Edward Stukely exhibited, among other surgical curiosities, the "raging tooth" that kept the poet awake while he wrote the famous dialogue in which Iago confesses the jealousy of the noble Moor. I was some years ago fortunate enough to obtain a piece of the genuine mulberry-tree, which I caused to be turned into tobacco-stoppers for the use of the Club. At a much earlier period, Harry Page had the luck to purchase an old leaden spout, formerly attached to the mansion of New Place, in Stratford; part of the metal was cast into a canister, or vase, to hold our Oronoko, and the rest was cut into plates to serve as labels on the casks in this ale-cellar. The hugest of these casks was named Jack Falstaff; the next, Sir Toby Belch; the others, Ned Poin, ancient Pistol, Bardoiph, Peto, Corporal Nym, Hostess Quickly, Christopher Sly, and Francis, the drawer at the Boar's Head in Eastcheap. Enough was left to serve as a tablet on the plinth of the sun-dial in the garden, on which was inscribed a motto, once selected from Shakspeare by an eminent scholar as most apposite to such a time-piece: "Life's but a walking shadow."

We held an anniversary festival in honour of the poet on the twenty-third of April, which being his birthday, and by a strange coincidence the day on which he died, we term his *ginothany*. We have also several minor holidays fixed according to the dates, real or conjectural, of his most celebrated productions. One of these occurred yesterday, when we were regaled at the house of our President, Harry Page, with a prime haunch of venison, to which the Commodore, whose appetite seems to have improved during his late ramble, did reasonable justice, for he sent his plate at least seven times to be replenished. The hall in which we dined was decorated with plaster busts of the principal English poets; under that of Shakspeare, which occupied the place of honour between Spenser and Milton, our host had fixed, as a kind of cognizance, an enormous pair of antlers, in allusion to the poet's youthful pranks as a forester—to call them by no harsher name. The first glees sung after *Non Nobis* and the "Immortal Memory," was, "What shall he have that killed the Deer?" and this was followed by Master Silence's catch, "Tis merry in Hall, when Beards wag all." This done, George Vaughan, observing that the afternoon sun was shining full upon the grass-plot, proposed that we should continue our carouse, *sub ilice*, under the ever-green oak near the door. The motion was carried, as of course were table, chairs, jugs, pipes, and glasses; and another merry carol was chanted, "Under the Green-wood Tree." A distant echo having followed the "chorus," all eyes were turned toward the gate, when in drove Master Charles in a tilbury, on his return from Cheltenham, round by Leamington and Stratford. He was accompanied by his young friend and former schoolfellow, Mr. John Trolley, of Warwick, to whom he had already introduced us by letter. Old Peter led away the horse and vehicle, with all its luggage, except one parcel carefully enveloped in matting, which Charles took out, and after the usual round of greeting, presented with much formality to the Commodore. "This, (said he,) your Worship, is a curiosity which my worthy co-mate desires you to accept as an addition to your unrivalled museum. It is a pale formerly belonging to the fence of Charleote Park, and according to unquestionable tradition it is the identical bit of oak which Will Shakspeare tore from its fastenings, and therewithal beat off and soundly thrashed three of Sir Thomas Lucy's game-keepers."—"I shall honour the relic, (said Goodman Flinders,) and convert it to a worthy use. It shall be cut into staves, and made into a quail, or drinking-cup, mounted with silver, and bearing for its legend the fairy's ditty in the Midsummer Night's Dream, so characteristic of our poet's versatile muse:

Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough briar,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire;

I do wander every where
Swifter than the moon's sphere."

Chairs and glasses were now placed for the new-comers, and Susan brought a fresh jug of tickle-brain. "Whose barrel is now abroad?" said Charles to his father, as he was pouring out for his friend. "Corporal Nym's, (replied Harry,) and that's the humour of it." Edward Stukely now asked our traveller where he had taken up his quarters at Stratford, and what were his general impressions and feelings on viewing the lions of the place? His answer to the first question was, "The Shakspeare's Head, to be sure,—an inn which I would recommend to every stranger who looks for good cheer, moderate charges, and hearty, unaffected, old-English civility. A bumper to the health and welfare of the worthy host and hostess!" To the second interrogatory, after a future interchange of looks with his friend, as if some fun had been preconcerted between them, he replied, in a series of serio-jocose observations delivered in the tone of a city orator, to the following purport:

"I did not visit what are commonly called the lions of the place, but contented myself with viewing the general aspect of the surrounding country, the banks of Shakspeare's beloved river, the church where he received the rites of baptism, and where his ashes repose. I felt gratified in being cheered by the same sun which shone on him; and in this frame of mind was perfectly indifferent to the questionable, perhaps spurious bits of comparatively modern antiquity connected with his personal renown. Musing on the few particulars of his life that are on record, I was constrained to think that, without disparagement to his transcendent genius, the circumstances of his origin, and the character of the age in which he lived, might be considered as alike favourable to its development. A fugitive and a stranger in London, while yet a mere youth, he was led by accident, or by some vague predilection, to the purlieus of a playhouse, where he is said to have officiated for some time as groom, or hostler in ordinary to the audience,—a post, I suppose, as humble as that of the servicable gnomes who in our times haunt the theatres, and bawl out at midnight, 'Coach unhired! Four shillings to Barkly Square!' They tell us also that after he had 'obtained an engagement,' he submitted for seven years to the drudgery of prompter and property-man. I am loth to believe all this, and would rather infer that he must have entered in the outset on a rather more elevated course of life, to have gained at so early a period the countenance and support of one of the most accomplished noblemen of the time. Be it as it may, we know that between the age of eight and twenty and that of eight and forty, his prolific mind produced that foison of poetic fruitage which was the delight of his contemporaries, and will endure as an intellectual repast to the latest posterity. But he was fortunate, I say, in being unincumbered with learning, and in coming forth at a time when Science had not clipped the wings of Fancy. In his day, the astronomer with his optic tube had not made those bewildering discoveries in the realms of space, which have curtailed our planet of its fair proportions, reducing it to the compass of a Dutch cheese, and the various nations and tribes of mankind to sundry swarms of mites. The botanist and the chemist had not spirited away the fairies from the groves and flowers; nor had the philosopher laid the phantom Superstition in the Red Sea, by propounding a rational theory of apparitions. The Genius of Chivalry was still paramount; and quarrels between gentlemen were decided with lance in rest, or sword in hand, and not, as in these coster-monger times, by the passive chance-medley of the pistol. Moreover, the hydra Criticism was still in embryo. There was no surly John Dennis to tell Shakspeare that his Romans were not sufficiently Roman; no caustic Voltaire to remark that his kings were not sufficiently royal; no dullman Schlegel to read to him long homilies on the invariable principles of poetry; no gossip de Stael to lecture him on the incompatibility of

the classic and the romantic schools. Fortunately for him, Ben Jonson, among his other schemes, did not hit upon that of attacking his rival from behind the masked battery of a periodical review. But what, though? Would the mighty genius of Shakspeare have succumbed to the ordinances of the schoolmen? Would 'quips and sentences, those paper-bullets of the brain, have awed such a man from the career of his humour?' A question to be asked!—Would the swan of Avon have been scared by the hootings of owls and the croaking of bull-frogs? A question not to be asked.—He held nature's prerogative to explore the wide range of the creation, and to disclose the hidden springs of passion and emotion in the human breast. His universal supremacy as a poet is evinced in the multitudinous diversity of his characters, and in the facility with which he expresses his sublimest conceptions, as well as his most playful conceits. This absence of all effort, so peculiar to him, is especially apparent in the context of that memorable passage inscribed on his monument in Poets' Corner—a vile bit of sculpture, by the by, since it exhibits the poet in the attitude of a Yorkshire clothier showing his customers a waistcoat-piece of his own manufacture—I say, in the context of that passage, ending 'Leave not a rack behind.'—We are such stuff as dreams are made of, and our little life is rounded with a sleep.' This striking but familiar sequel shows that he was at no pains in elaborating the noble lines preceding it, and that he attached no particular value to them, or to any similar emanations of his genius.

In the course of twenty years, amidst his various avocations as an actor and a manager, he wrote some three and thirty plays, containing a greater variety of character and a richer fund of poetry than can be found, within the same compass, in the literature of any nation upon earth. What single mind ever did, or ever will body forth such opposite personifications as Prospero and Falstaff; Ariel and Caliban; Timon of Athens and Justice Shallow; Hamlet and Mercutio; Hotspur and Parolles; Imogen and Lady Macbeth? The writing of one of those plays, Lear, for instance, would have thrown the stoutest of our modern poets into a nervous fever; three of them would have rendered him paralytic for life. Yet there was Shakspeare, at the close of his public career; as plump and portly as an abbot! When he had made over his affairs in the Globe to Heminge and Condell, he bestowed his nag one fine morning in June, rode leisurely out of London for the last time, and pushed on at a full trot for Oxford to sup at Madam Davenant's. Methinks I see him over his chirping cup of canary, rejoicing in the hope of reaching Stratford on the morrow, and little dreaming that he had done more than set the Thames on fire, or that the future Hum-fums of our literature would take the trouble to weave up the gold thread of his 'unpremeditated verse' with the linsay-woolsey of verbose commentary and conjectural criticism."

When Charles had finished his rambling speech, he purposely revived a question which had been agitated on a former occasion, namely, Which is Shakspeare's best play? or rather, Supposing all but one to be doomed to oblivion, which play is most worthy of being preserved? The diversity of opinion on this point was honourable to the merits of the poet: one named the Tempest, another Othello; another, Hamlet; another the First and Second Parts of Henry the Fourth; another the Midsummer Night's Dream. Mr. Trolley, who had been taciturn all this while, now broke silence, and said, "As that question seems not likely to be decided to-night, I beg to propose another—Which is Shakspeare's worst play?"

Capt. Sandys. There are none bad, or even indifferent; what do you mean, Sir, by worst? Trolley. In my opinion the worst of the bad plays that Shakspeare ever wrote is Richard the Third. It is a false and glaringly improbable fiction, which the author unwillingly undertook for the purpose of flattering the family prejudices of Queen Elizabeth. It is an unintentional bur-

lesque, the heightened by the hero of the thirteen years that of Bos managed, the intervals this gratified The incident capt in a consideration. of Glo'ster's bary, tells the be a villain, out of spite and deform picks a quarrel the spot. M where the funeral. W is morning, pays his a Lady Anne he had mu bury. This thoroughfa Duke Dick astonishm casual pass lady resign and at his gate-street Stanley. "The Du of his brot ascending nephews, lower, Bu Backingh one but I What is th He is orde Council, Parliament at Guildh which the Sir John I and law drift. T Lord Ma Crosby I come into conferring This see be so at the man names magistra highly r they cr them m ever, Ri the bea throne, and him courtie audien portan all tran Backing many y he blun nephew Backing sider, his m move trustee what walks solves an ar ward cuted "p begin m t

logue, the ludicrous effect of which has been heightened by the alterations it has received from the hero of the Dunciad. Comprising a period of thirteen years, from the battle of Tewkesbury to that of Bosworth, the action is so unskillfully managed, that there are no imaginable pauses in the intervals of the acts to reconcile the mind to this gratuitous violation of the unity of time. The incidents have no parallel for absurdity, except in the burlesque of Tom Thumb, as will appear to any reflecting mind on a cursory consideration. In the outset of the play, the Duke of Gloucester arriving at the Tower from Tewkesbury, tells the audience that he is determined to be a villain, not from motives of ambition, but out of spite to nature for having made him ugly and deformed. He visits King Henry in prison; picks a quarrel with him, and murders him on the spot. Next morning he goes to St. Paul's, where the body has been lying in state, to see the funeral. While the bell tolls, and the procession is moving, he commands it to halt, and instantly pays his addresses to the chief mourner, the Lady Anne, widow of King Henry's son, whom he had murdered a few days before at Tewkesbury. This woeful scene takes place in the public thoroughfare of St. Paul's Churchyard, where Duke Dickon is seen kneeling in the dirt, to the astonishment of the undertaker's men and of the casual passengers. His suit is prosperous; the lady resigns her place of chief-mourner to him, and at his request walks to his house in Bishopsgate-street, escorted by Mr. Tressell and Lord Stanley.

"The Duke soon afterwards hearing of the death of his brother, King Edward, takes measures for ascending the throne over the heads of his nephews, the young princes, and employs his follower, Buckingham, to further his designs. This Buckingham has a droll part to act; perhaps no one but Liston is qualified to do it full justice. What is the nature of the charge intrusted to him? Is he ordered to negotiate with the Lords of the Council, or strengthen his patron's interest in Parliament? no; he is sent to canvass for him at Guildhall, and makes a speech on the hustings, which the Recorder, a worthy predecessor of old Sir John Sylvester, repeats after him in so guarded and lawyer-like a manner, as to frustrate its drift. This stratagem failing, he prevails on the Lord Mayor and Aldermen to go with him to Crosby Place, where, by his contrivance, they come into the presence of the Duke while he is conferring with two members of the Bible Society. This scene is irresistibly droll; at least it used to be so at Covent Garden a few years ago, when the man who played the Mayor happened to be a namesake of the Alderman who had been chief magistrate during the riots, a coincidence so highly relished by the gods in the gallery, that they cried out 'Atkins! John Atkins! Fire!' However, Richard, by the help of Buckingham and the heads of the corporation, is raised to the throne, where, in a few scenes afterwards, we find him seated with a full semicircle of attendant courtiers. This imposing spectacle strikes the audience as the prelude to some grave and important debate; but no! he rudely bids them all stand apart, that he may have some talk with Buckingham, 'his counsel's consistory.' After many broad hints, which the Duke won't take, he bluntly tells him that he wants to have his nephews put to death as soon as possible. Poor Buckle boggles at this, and craving time to consider, walks away, but soon after returns, to dun his master for a promised earldom and some moreables. Richard, who has meantime intrusted the deed to a meaner agent, asks him what's o'clock; and after some other evasions, walks off in high dudgeon. Buckingham now resolves to turn rebel; goes into Wales, and raises an army, which some quarter of an hour afterwards is dispersed, and its leader taken and executed.

"Richmond is now on the seas, and the plot begins to thicken. The old Duchess of York, mother of the usurper, is taking a walk on Tower

Hill with the dowager Queen, when Richard passes that way at the head of his regiment. A scolding match ensues, which he quells with a flourish of drums and trumpets. The Duchess retires, but the Queen holds a long parley with her kinsman, who endeavours to obtain her conditional promise that he shall marry—whom? why, her daughter, the Princess Elizabeth, his own niece! If a conference of this kind, in so public a place too, be not an outrage on all probability, I know not what is.

"The fifth Act of this precious tragedy contains nothing impressive but Richard's dream in the tent, and his combat with Richmond, which, be it remembered, is an interpolation, and owes its effect principally to the skill of the actors in fencing. The tyrant's fall is hailed with deafening shouts from the galleries, where his diabolical crimes are all forgiven, because he fights like a game-man, and dies like an out-and-outer. So ends a play replete with scenes of horror, or rather horrid absurdity, exhibiting only one prominent character, and that one a monster in human shape, rightly deserving the epithets lavished on him by old Queen Margaret—'a rooting hog,' 'a bottled spider,' 'a hunch-backed toad,' 'a venom-toothed dog,'—in short, a Caliban in ermine. This may be a genuine relic of Shakspeare, but it is assuredly unworthy of him, and ought to be consigned, sans ceremonie, to the tomb of all the Capulets."

Flinders.—Hearts! there's no bearing this any longer. Sir, from the respect due to our friend who introduced you, we hoped to find you an orthodox Shakspearian; and here you have been venting a volley of heresies, for which, if there be a particle of justice in common law, statute, or canon, you ought to be tarred and feathered. Sir, in spite of these and the like vile misrepresentations, the dramas of our immortal bard will continue to diffuse the renown of his country in the remotest regions wherever a British keel can float, or a British heart can pulsate. They are destined, Sir, they alone are destined to perpetuate the English language; nay more, they are destined to survive it.

The roar of laughter that ensued was heightened by the blunder which had escaped our friend in his honest indignation; but though at length aware of the hoax, he did not quite relish it, and some time elapsed ere his good humour was perfectly restored.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

AMONGST the novelties of the past week at this theatre, has been a revival of the *First Part of Henry the Fourth*; and although we have formerly seen this Play much better acted, yet the representation, upon the whole, was creditable to the talents of the company. The character of Falstaff, which stands first and foremost in the list, was allotted to Mr. Dowton, and he appeared to us to have entertained a very just conception of the humours and vagaries of the witty and facetious knight. Some of the scenes, particularly that in which he gives the account of the robbery at Gadshill, he played extremely well; and wherever he was wanting in effect, the deficiency generally arose rather from the saturnine hardness and peculiarity of his style than from any other cause. The youthful Prince of Wales was performed by Elliston, and except that he was now and then too serious and didactic in his rallery, we have rarely seen him more like his former self, or throw more spirit into any part than into this. His appearance was the only thing against him, and could he but have left a score of years behind him, the illusion would have been complete. Of Wallack's Hotspur, we cannot speak so favourably. Many of the scenes

were indeed distinguished by a certain boldness of colouring, and he has a 'gallant bearing' well suited to heroic characters, but the part appeared too much for him. He failed in filling up the outline he had sketched; and in his delivery, slurred over some of the most beautiful passages of the text. A Mr. Archer, from the country, was introduced to us for the first time, in the part of Henry. His voice is sonorous, and he speaks pretty correctly; but we doubt if he will ever occupy any very conspicuous station on the London boards. Miss Smithson looked beautiful as Lady Percy; and Knight was quite at home in Francis. We wish that it was in our power to speak favourably of the rest of the performers; but we are compelled to say that they were, one and all, shamefully imperfect in their parts. Smith, the representative of Bardolph, in particular, never, by any chance, uttered a line or a word of the author's; and by his ignorance and inattention, neutralized some of the best jests of the Prince and Falstaff. This is villanous, and ought to be amended; it is not only disgraceful to the actor, but disreputable to the theatre. Let the Manager look to it.

The Trip to Scarborough, altered by Sheridan, from *The Relapse* of Vanburgh, and again curtailed of its fair proportions by a reduction into three acts, has likewise been performed. This shadow of a shade was the medium of bringing Mr. Browne before a London audience;—but we are much inclined to doubt the wisdom of his choice. The characters of the Play have now grown obsolete; not only have our modes of dress, our pursuits, and our amusements, undergone a change, but even the language of the dandies of the present day is materially different from that of the fops of the last century. The same remark will apply to the other persons of the drama. The knight, either of the city or the country, is no longer a Sir Tunbelly Clumsy, nor his daughter a Miss Hoyden. All these diversities of character have been softened down by the refinements of the age; and we therefore take but little interest in the exposure or the ridicule of their follies or their vices. Labouring under these disadvantages, we feel some difficulty in estimating the talents of the gentleman in question. His figure is of the middle size, but rather heavy; his face, as far as we could judge from the quantity of powder and pomatum with which it was surrounded, appears to be tolerably well formed; and his utterance is sufficiently distinct and clear. He bustled through the part with confidence and spirit; but we must decline giving a decided opinion as to his merits until we shall have seen him in some character more nearly allied to human nature in its every-day form, and, consequently, more amenable to the laws of criticism. On this occasion also Miss Booth resumed her station upon these boards; and in her appearance, dress, and manners, gave a very happy delineation of the romping Hoyden. Wallack made a respectable Young Fashion, and Miss L. Kelly was animated and pleasing in Berinthia. Of Thompson and Penley, in Colonel Townley and Loveless, we had rather not say any thing. Two such miserable representatives of men of fashion and gallantry we have rarely beheld, and most ardently do we wish that we may never be compelled to witness such a sight again. The Comedy, however, upon the whole, was favourably received, and announced for repetition with applause.

COVENT GARDEN.

On Wednesday *The School of Reform* afforded Mr. Rayner an opportunity of displaying his utmost powers before a great London audience; and we rejoice to say more than justified every favourable opinion we have expressed of his talents. While yet this actor's fate was balancing (after his debut) between the cold critical praise, and not always correct censure, of the public press, we were so struck with his performance of Giles in the *Miller's Maid*, that we did, what we rarely do,—gave him a distinct article in the *Literary Gazette*, and pointed attention to his genuine powers (see *Lit. Gaz.* of August 2d.) From that period we have held him in view; and not failed to appreciate those merits which were on the present occasion so triumphantly crowned by the voice of universal approbation. The character of Robert Tyke is very effective; but it is very arduous. The passions of which it is composed, if truly represented, force themselves upon every heart, from the dress-box to the upper-gallery; and every human being is a competent judge of the performer's ability. On the other hand, the least departure from nature is detected; and either being over-acted, or not forcibly acted, is fatal to the part; which, indeed, can hardly be said to have a medium, but must be excellent or bad. In Mr. Rayner's personation it was most excellent;—characteristically debased, cunning, affecting, pathetic, terrible, and happy-minded, as the development of circumstances required. From his entry to his final exit, his whole play was admirable; and in the highest wrought scenes (his description of his father's falling dead on the shore, and his recognition of his parent,) he depicted the horrors of a strong mind torn to distraction, in a manner as appalling as ever was witnessed upon the stage. Nor were his other scenes inferior in skill, though necessarily inferior in interest; and without particularizing them, we shall only add, that the whole was masterly, and richly deserved the floods of tears which, more than the bursts of applause, testified to its almost overwhelming effects. At the end, Mr. R. was called for, and had to announce the Comedy for its repetition on Friday;—a bad custom, but such was the will of a highly delighted audience.—In the other characters we recognised little but acknowledged merit. Jones, in *Permet*, was capital; and Mrs. Gibbs, as his lady, was full of charming ease and quiet talent, which makes the most of a part without seeming to aim at effort. Abbot gave entire expression to the virtuous Frederick; Egerton was respectable in Lord Avondale, and Chapman in Farmer Tyke; Mrs. Davenport was the old housekeeper herself; and Blanchard, the old General himself. A Miss Henry played the heroine very tamely; and Mrs. Faucit the forlorn Lady Avondale with such a glow of complexion and flow of cork-screw ringlets, that, judging by her appearance, the last things that could be imagined were desertion and unhappiness. Perhaps she wished to show that she ought not to have been deserted; and to tell the truth, the Lord might have been puzzled (as a Cockney near us observed) between the opposites—her serpentine hair, and Miss Tarragon's stiff (h)air.

A Historical Romance, called the *Beacon of Liberty*, was produced in conclusion, and, we grieve to say, does not deserve repetition. The Managers have done more gene-

rously & than wisely in attempting it; for it is altogether a very dull and meagre drama. The incidents comprize some of the events in which William Tell and his compatriots figured, when the independence of Switzerland was achieved; and the scenery is generally beautiful. But we do not go to the theatre to see Panoramas or Cosmoramas, and we are compelled to repeat, that the *Beacon of Liberty* has no other attractions.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

ROSALIE, from *La Mere Coupable*, of the French stage, has been performed this week at the Haymarket; and rather indifferently performed. It is one of those melo-drames in which an intense interest is endeavoured to be excited for the fate of some innocent person, brought into sad jeopardy by circumstantial evidence, but finally extricated by more miraculous coincidences. In these, particular scenes sometimes 'raise the waters'; but the visitors of theatres have now had so many opportunities of ascertaining that nobody but the guilty ever come to ultimate harm—and that the heroine and hero are sure of being made comfortable, that no general and pervading feeling, even of curiosity, can by any combination be produced.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

On Saturday last, this theatre closed its doors. It has been conducted through the season with great spirit, and if we may trust appearances, the attendance has been such as to recompense the proprietors. Mathews' return, and the introduction to the Metropolis of several performers worthy of a permanent station on the London Boards, are among the good offices for which the public are indebted to the Manager. To this we have to add the production of some smart new pieces, the maintenance in their places of most of our old favourite actors, and the erection of a handsome portico—all strong claims to approbation.

* Being the work of a literary gentleman, who died lately under most distressing circumstances; and, we believe, brought forward in the hope of serving his widow and family.

VARIETIES.

We hear that the scene of the next *Waverley Novel* is laid in Scotland, and the time about forty years ago.

Mr. Beisham's History of the Reign of George 3d., completing the work to the close of the Regency, is about to be finished by the publication of the 9th and 10th volumes.

The Editor of the Gentleman's Magazine mentions the probability of the Rev. Dr. Yates' Monastic History of St. Edmund's Bury being completed next Spring. It is a literary and antiquarian desideratum.

Mr. Maturin's forthcoming Romance is called the "Albigenses;" and founded upon historical events of the early part of the 13th century, interwoven with the fictitious part of the narrative.

A History of Hastings and its Antiquities is announced.

A translation of *Wilhelm Meister* (one of Goethe's best works) has been announced by Messrs. Oliver & Boyd, Edinburgh; and from the same active publishers' lists, we gather that they are also preparing, among other novelties, the *Spawwife* by Galt, *Sweepings* of my Study, *Philosophy of Apparitions*, *Anacharis in Scotland*, &c.

Rats.—The brown or Norway rat, which abounds in the Hebrides, after a shower, goes down upon the rocks, while the linnets are crawling about, and, by a sudden push with its nose, detaches them from the rock for food. Should the first effort fail, another is never attempted against the same individual, now warned, and adhering closely to the rock; but the rat proceeds instantly to others still off their guard, until enough of food has been procured.

The Pigeon Post Office, established in Belgium, and which was set up to rival the telegraphic system, has experienced a severe check. Of 65 of these winged messengers, which set out on the 9th of August from Lyons, for Verviers (near Liege), one only arrived the same day at its destination. Four more have since appeared; but nothing has been seen of the remaining sixty. It is thought (says the foreign writer who tells the story), that preferring repose to the love of country, these voyager-pigeons, in spite of themselves, have fallen into the hands of masters who will not use them as they would horses.

Vicissitudes of Fortune.—The subject of sentiments is a very common one. There are few persons to whom some internal and involuntary emotion has not at times appeared to presage what has afterwards happened to them. A Madame D—, resident at Paris, although still young and handsome, had not to congratulate herself on having either a husband or a fortune. For that reason she wore in society a constrained air, very different from her natural gaiety. Twelve hundred francs was all her wealth. A short time ago, dining at a friend's house, the original vivacity of her character for a while returned to her. "Ah!" said she, as she took her leave, "I have languished too much to-day; something extraordinary will certainly happen to me." On her return home, she found a letter requiring her to go to the Foreign Office. Thither she next day went. They asked her if she was not related to a certain M. Martin, the son of an artisan at Lyons. She replied that she was of that family, and that M. Martin was her cousin. They then informed her that this young man, who had left Lyons as a conscript in the French army, had been made prisoner in Corsica by the English, that he had afterwards enlisted in an English regiment sent to Pondicherry, that by degrees he had become a Major in the service of the English East India Company, and the chief minister of one of the native Princes, and finally that, dying, he did not forget either his native city or his family in the disposal of his property, amounting to several millions; in the various bequests of which, she Madame D— would find herself included for a legacy of 400,000 francs. The surprise of Madame D— at seeing the presentiment of the preceding evening verified, and her situation so materially and unexpectedly changed from that which, although she had endured it, was very different from the one she ought to enjoy in the world, may easily be conceived.—The decree of the supreme Court of Calcutta has, as we lately mentioned, confirmed those brilliant hopes, by ordering the payment of all the legacies to the various legatees.

Coincidence.—Wander where we may in literature, we are sure to find the traces of the footsteps of the 'Great Unknown.' The following passage in a work not much known, "*Mémoires d'un Voyageur qui se Repose*," bears

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a striking similarity to the history and description of Sir Geoffrey Hudson, in Peveril of the Peak:—"We stopped two or three days at Prague, to see some friends we had known at Vienna. We dined one day at the house of a lady, whose name has escaped me, where I remarked a custom which is pretty general in the principal houses in Bohemia and Saxony, that of having a dwarf, as one has a favourite dog or cat: some are very well made and well proportioned. The late King Stanislas had a very small one, which amused him exceedingly, walking to and fro on the table conversing with the guests. The King had him served up once in a large pie, out of which he issued, to the great astonishment of some foreign princes who were dining with the King, and had not yet seen the dwarf. This one has been dead some years, but I saw his face in wax, with his clothes: he was about the height of a child of four years of age. The one I saw at Prague dined with the company, and was a little boaster that babbled and talked the whole time of dinner. He was waited on at table by another dwarf, hideously ugly, who amused me greatly by the 'sidelong looks of hate' he cast on his brother dwarf while he served him; and indeed the little man at table had no greater advantage over the one that waited on him than being better made." The date of this tour is 1770.

H. M. D'AVRIGNY, one of the Commissioners of the Dramatic Censure, died recently at Paris. He was the author of *Lapeyrouse*, and the still more successful tragedy of *Jeanne d'Arc*, as well as a *Recueil of Poésies Nationales*. The salary of Censor being 6000 francs per annum, a multitude of candidates have started for the place thus made vacant. More than forty petitions (says one of the journals) have been presented to the minister; and the names of several men of letters are mentioned. M. D'AVRIGNY (like M. BACQUET, also lately deceased) has been interested in the *Cimetière du Père Lachaise*; where the following epitaph, by a Member of the Academy, is to be inscribed on his tomb:—

"Il chanta *Lapeyrouse* et *Jeanne* dans les fers;
Les feux ont enlevé la vierge à l'univers;
Les flots ont dévoré le triste *Lapeyrouse*;
Mais les flots en courroux et la flamme jalouse
De leur chantre jamais ne détruiront les vers."

It is said that M. D'AVRIGNY has left among his manuscripts a tragedy almost completed. *Bavaria*.—Professor Buchner, of Ratisbon, has within the last three years published two volumes respecting the History of Bavaria, derived from various sources. This author has devoted the greater part of his private fortune to the accumulation of the numerous works on the subject published by his predecessors, as well as of all sorts of documents, especially objects of antiquity, necessary for its illustration. He has even visited the places he describes; and, in short, has neglected no useful research. The King of Bavaria and the Academy of Munich have hastened to encourage M. Buchner; the one by his munificence, the other by its approbation and advice. He however seems less happy in tracing the history of the people and their princes, than in describing the country and the antiquities, the manners, the customs, the laws, and the religious ceremonies of its ancient inhabitants.

LIST OF WORKS PUBLISHED SINCE OUR LAST:
Walt's Poetical Sketches, foolscap 8vo. 6s.—Shinton's Lectures on Writing, imperial 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Supple-

ment to Penn's Geology, 8vo. 5s.—Craven Dialect, 12mo. 4s.—Williams's Abstract for 1823, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Transactions of the Associated Apothecaries, Vol. 1, 8vo. 20s.—Gurney's Lectures on Chemistry, 8vo. 13s.—Medico-Chirurgical Transactions, Vol. 12, Part 2, 8vo. 18s.—Chevalier's Hunterian Oration, 8vo. 3s. 6d.—Richardson's Sermon, Vol. 2, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Wilson's Sermon, 12mo. 6s.—Dick's Christian Philosopher, 12mo. 7s.—Also, new editions of the following:—Horne's Introduction to the Scriptures, 4 vols. 8vo. 3l. 3s.—Fairman on the Funds, 16s.—Heywood's Closet Prayer, 2s. 6d.—Worthington's Duty of Self-Resignation, 3s. 6d.—Yates on Water in the Brain, 6s. 6d.—M'Adam on Roads, 7s. 6d.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

DATE.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday ... 2	from 30 to 56	29.26 to 29.50
Friday ... 3	from 28 to 58	29.74 to 29.79
Saturday ... 4	from 40 to 54	29.89 to 30.03
Sunday ... 5	from 41 to 60	30.00 to 29.91
Monday ... 6	from 52 to 59	29.83 to 29.79
Tuesday ... 7	from 45 to 57	29.83 to 29.90
Wednesday ... 8	from 35 to 58	29.97 to 29.84

Prevailing winds NW. and SW.—Moderately clear till Sunday; the rest of the week generally cloudy.—Rain fallen .58 of an inch.

Ice seen on Friday morning, 1 of an inch thick. Edmonston. C. H. ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Editors being themselves generally authors, ought to be willing to give "gentle answers" to the latter: we therefore gently state to W. L. or Alpha, that the Lines to an Infant are not sufficiently matured. Some of the rhymes are very faulty.—H. S. H. is a wag.

We think the opinion of "A Militia Officer" on the March of Hannibal, worthy of a skilful veteran. Is it public enough to be referred to?

A Constant Reader is utterly mistaken in thinking that we imputed to the Chief Magistrate at Bow Street a "propensity to commination." The Editor of the *Lit. Gaz.* knows Sir R. Bingle too well to offer such an opinion; and the allusion was to the other Magistrate named, whose comital of a respectable old man was the notorious subject of public conversation.

T. D. L. wants care.—We are sorry we cannot admire our "Constant Admirer."

We cannot reply in the ensuing Number to letters received so late as Friday—T. L. and other Correspondents.

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London: Printed by Shackell & Arrowsmith, Johnson's court, Fleet-street; and published by E. Brain, 4, Butehall-lane, Newgate-street; and sold by all Booksellers.

On the 1st of October was published, price 2s. 6d. with a Portrait of Beethoven, the Tenth Number of the

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